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Next week

THE BIG FIVE basketball teams of Philadelphia are always among the nation's best. A report on the high-powered, continuous rivalry that is unique among major cities.

PRO GOLF opens its 1965 season, and never have so many swung for so much. Alfred Wright tells how it feels to be a raw rookie on a tour that offers \$3.5 million in purses.

BAJA CALIFORNIA SUR, a new magnet for sportsmen-vacationers, is described by Jack Olsen. Jay Maize photographs the rugged landscape and the girls who adorn the beaches.

SCORECARD

BOWLDERDASH

The National Collegiate Athletic Association, so appalled at the in-season signing of college football players by professional football teams, surely must be aware that this has been going on for years—and for good fiscal reasons. A player offered a big bonus and high salary knows that if he collects both in the same year he will pay a far higher income tax than if he takes the bonus one year and salary the next. As for the ethics of it all, what is there in college recruiting practices that would persuade a young man that in letting himself be recruited into the pros prematurely he is violating the spirit of the prevailing amateur code? Where was he first subjected to heavy recruiting pressure involving financial deals? In high school, that's where.

Now, high on the order of business at the NCAA convention in Chicago is an amendment to the rules governing financial arrangements with athletes—in a word, pay for playing football. If approved, the four-year free ride for "student-athletes" (the NCAA term) would be dead. "Financial aid for student-athletes shall not be awarded for more than one academic year and may be awarded for a lesser period," the Big Eight proposes. "After completion of the period for which financial aid has been awarded, another grant may be awarded by the scholarship committee . . . provided [he] meets the academic requirements of the conference and is a student in good standing in every respect. . . ."

And provided he is good enough to make the football team—cut the mustard, as the coaches say—or he does not mash a knee in his first year or does not get so interested in studies that he sloughs off practice in favor of lab.

HEAD UP, AMERICA

The ever-increasing flow of Canadian-trained hockey players onto U.S. college rinks can be stemmed, says Ralph Weiland, Harvard's veteran hockey coach, by some simple rules changes.

"Since the advent of artificial rinks," Weiland says, "American boys have

improved their skating ability tremendously. The rules now used, however, handicap their opportunity for improvement in stick handling, passing and maneuverability."

The big difference: Canadians play heads-up hockey because their rules—the same as the professionals'—permit body checking all over the ice. American rules allow body checking only in the defensive zone. This fosters what to a Canadian is an unforgivable sin—putting the head down to cradle a pass to the stick when in mid-ice or thereabouts. It is an invitation to a crunching body check in Canada, but it is more, too, according to Weiland. It hampers the development of instinctive stick handling.

"The American boy isn't learning to stick handle," he explains, "because there is no red line and checking is prohibited in the offensive zone. A good stick handler learns to control the puck by its feel on the stick. He doesn't have to look at it to know it's there."

Weiland favors installation of the red line, a rule allowing body checks all over the ice, and the pro-styled rule that permits a player to straddle the blue line without being called off side.

In other words, if you can't lick 'em, join 'em, and if you can't join 'em, at least change the rules so you can compete with 'em.

CONTACT STERN

For the past nine years Lawry's, a Los Angeles restaurant that prides itself on its prime ribs of beef, has staged an all-you-can-eat dinner for each of the Rose Bowl teams a few nights before the contest. The owners say that in each of the eight years preceding this year's game, the team that ate the most beef went on to win.

A couple of weeks before the game, Oregon State's Beavers put away 230 pounds of prime ribs. Two nights later, without apparent effort, the Michigan Wolverines tucked in 250 pounds of beef—along with 90 pounds of potatoes, 25 pounds of salad and six cases of milk and soft drinks.

So roast beef is better than tea leaves, crystal balls and fortune cookies. Michigan won 34-7.

THE IMPREGNABLES

Maybe Africa's giant Watusi never will learn to play a 1-3-1 zone, but Joe Lapchick, soon to retire as basketball coach at St. John's University in New York, is thinking of spending part of his retirement trying to teach them. He has a daughter living in Uganda and has been invited by a friend, one Harry England, to teach the Watusi the game.

"The Watusi used to be the warrior tribe there," Lapchick explains. "A runt



goes 6 feet 10. But the Bahutu kicked them out. They're wandering around now, and Harry figures it would be a good idea to use basketball to restore confidence, pride and that sort of thing.

"Can't you imagine those 7-footers playing a zone?" he cackles. "Think of all those arms up there. We wouldn't have to score. We'd win 'em all, 1-0. We'd destroy basketball."

Then Lapchick's boys went on to win the Eastern College Athletic Conference Holiday Festival title against Michigan, a team noted for its height.

SPECTER HAUNTING GOLF CLUBS

There is grumbling among golf pros who have returned to southern resorts from their summer jobs up North, and the grumbling forebodes establishment of a union with closed shop aspirations. The golf clubs, the pros contend, give them no job security and precious little in the way of pay. They receive minimal salaries and are expected to eke out what they can from the profits of the pro shop and from giving lessons. But then,

continued

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when the shop becomes profitable, the club takes over its operation and if the pro does not like that arrangement, he can always quit. Or so says Ben Toski, who winters at the Rolling Hills Club, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

What the pros are thinking of is the appointment of a John L. Lewis of golf-dom, one who will draft a uniform set of rules under which pros are to be hired. They would have the Professional Golfers' Association pass a rule whereby, if a member were to be fired by a club without due cause, no other PGA member would be permitted to take the job. The next step? Why, unionized caddies, of course. Golf carts are unfair, etc.

SPORTING GESTURE

On New Year's Day at Katie Schoenberger's C Lazy U Ranch near Granby, Colo., a dude ranch in summer and a ski resort in winter, there were winter sports outside, and inside there were TV football, brandy milk punch, whiskey soups and a continuous buffet. A few days later Mrs. Schoenberger was preparing to close down the ranch for the winter, despite every indication of a prosperous season.

The reason is that Mrs. Schoenberger is carrying on the work that she and her late husband did for so many years—raising money for the U.S. ski team. In the past, most of the money was raised by sending out letters to ranch guests but now Mrs. Schoenberger wants to devote full time to the ski team. It is a gesture that, she estimates, will cost her \$30,000 in gross income this winter, but it is also a cause that is dear to her heart. She will embark on a tour of large companies (to which she has been introduced by one or another of her guests) and hopes to raise at least \$10,000 for the training funds of the FIS and Olympic teams.

"It may be a lot more," she says, "but I hope it will not be less. One or two large donations and the trip would be a success."

All good wishes, Katie Schoenberger.

GASTRONOMICAL RACKET

The French take their food seriously, and there are no I-hate-to-cook books published in Paris. So the new French cookbook, *Les Grandes Heures de la Cuisine Française*, comes as a surprise; for though the title is solemn, the contents are rollicking. They include Alex-

continued



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SCORE CARD

andre Dumas' own punch - a suave mixture of rum, sugar, Souchong tea, lemon juice, orange juice and Indonesian arrack, served very hot - and terrin-racket chops. These last are the invention of Filippo Marinetti, the Italian poet who founded the futurist movement in 1909 with a resounding manifesto that demanded the destruction of the past - including museums - in order to free the rising generation of writers and artists.

Marinetti also issued a "manifesto of the futurist kitchen," in which he advocated the total reform of cooking. He assailed pasta as the curse of Italy, responsible for what he called the defects of the Italian character - heaviness, apathy, pessimism, sloth and procrastination. So instead of spaghetti, eat his tennis-racket chops. For each player, trim a veal chop into the shape of a racket's head. Cook slowly in butter. Make a paste by mixing curds with crushed walnuts and spread it thinly over the chop. String the rackets with tomato sauce laced with rum, and make a handle for each out of a banana cut lengthwise, with an anchovy wrapped round the end. The Marinetti tennis balls follow the futurist cooking principle of combining the most unlikely ingredients: cherries in brandy (no stalks, please) coated with a mixture of cottage cheese, egg and a scrap of nutmeg. Drop into very hot, deep fat for just a second and serve with a high bounce.

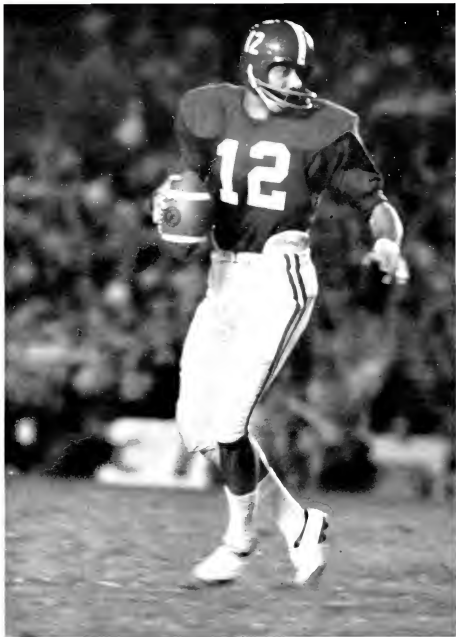
THE AMATEURS

A dog-loving truck driver, Gary Gunkle lives in an area noted for its deep snows - the Sierra Nevada mountains. So he decided to put together a dog-sled team. With huskies hard to come by, he settled for 10 Irish setters, members of a breed not noted for its love of snow or pulling sleds. Last week the setters, and Gunkle, proved themselves.

Three young men and a woman, sightseeing on the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe, were trapped in a howling blizzard. Next morning a truck carried Gunkle and seven setters part way up the mountain. He unloaded, hunched up the dogs and started off through the storm.

"Visibility was zero," Deputy Tom Dolley reported, "and I swear some of the drifts were 30 feet deep."

Not even Gunkle can explain how he found the party's station wagon but at noon he came upon it, its occupants nearly frozen. He loaded them onto his



FABULOUS IN DEFEAT

Playing on a gimpy leg, Alabama's Joe Namath was the star of the Orange Bowl, but the surprising Texas Longhorns beat the country's No. 1 team by mixing long gains with muscular defense

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

On a night when the Alabama football team was partaking of one of the specially planned distractions—a Miami Beach hotel floor show—that make the Orange Bowl game so appetizing a beguiler of flesh and spirit, Mel Toome, pop singer of reputation but no known mystic powers, suggested a song of dedication for the team. "It's the wrong time, and the wrong place," he crooned and got a big laugh. It was the season to twit Alabama, because Alabama was the Orange Bowl's star attraction, the No. 1 team in the nation, taking on fifth-ranked Texas. "Alabama players don't know the meaning of the word fear," said a luncheon speaker at the Columbus Hotel. "Can't spell it either." Another big laugh. Except that for Alabama fear was, ultimately, no laughing matter. By the end of the week the Crimson Tide still did not have the least knowledge of the meaning of the word, but it could define frustration in five languages. In a game of marvelous excitement, great lasting suspense and total departure from form, Texas knocked off favored Alabama 21-17 (see cover). The victory was deserved, but the circumstances had an air of unreality for both sides.

Twenty-one points, first of all, represents an entire season of scoring for opponents of an Alabama football team. A 69-yard touchdown pass against an Alabama secondary might happen, but only in the dreams of a Tennessee quar-

terback or an end from LSU. A 79-yard touchdown run—well, some dreams are more ridiculous than others. Since Paul Bryant went to coach at Alabama seven years ago, such occurrences ceased to occur. Until last week.

On the other hand, Texas' longest touchdown run of the 1964 season had consumed a breath-conserving 21 yards; its longest pass for a score had covered only four more yards. Like Alabama, Texas under Darrell Royal has been a team expert in the art of conservative victory, but generally its victories are as thrilling as the cover of a telephone directory. Texas fans once applauded Quarterback Marvin Kristynik just for throwing a spiral. Yet there the Longhorns were, sinking long range at Alabama in the first half with Ernie Koy's 79-yard run and Jimmy Hudson's 69-yard pass to George Sauer for touchdowns. "Not exactly characteristic," said Royal.

What had happened exactly? What happened originally was that Alabama's exceptional quarterback, Joe Namath, the player one Texas lineman called "the only difference between the two teams," reinjured his right knee in practice and forever changed the complexion of the match.

Ironically, he had just come off two excellent workouts when the accident happened. Turning back to the huddle after running a play in practice, Namath suddenly cried out and fell writhing to

the ground. "Clutching grass" is the expression. There was cartilage damage in Namath's right knee—not permanent but something that will take surgery to remove. "I'll play," he said Monday afternoon, but no one agreed with him for the next three days. Alabama Trainer Jim Goosetree applied ice packs and made certain Namath hardly flexed the knee at all. After 24 hours, the critical period, there was no swelling and by Friday there was hope he might play some as a spot man behind Steve Sloan.

Sloan is a good quarterback, but Namath is a great one. At word of Namath's injury, Alabama dropped from a six-to-a three-point favorite. In Texas the price dropped to even money.

The pressure clearly had shifted now to the Alabama defense, which had been exciting Bryant the wrong way all season and especially in the last two games when it permitted, by Bryant standards, huge spreads of yardage to running attacks. At a team meeting at the Seaview Hotel on New Year's Eve, Bryant inserted a psychological hypodermic. He said he had asked NBC to introduce the defensive players on TV instead of the offense. "The defense," he said, "will have to win this one."

On the morning of the game, Royal sat in the lobby of the Bal Harbor Hotel, winking and waving to Texas friends as he paused between conversations. The Bal Harbor is next door to and five stories smaller than the Seaview.

continued

Wearing modified soccer shoes and with his knee heavily taped, Joe Namath looks for red-helmeted receivers as he gingerly drops back to pass.

The height of the buildings may be the one difference between the two men and their teams. Royall and Bryant are close friends and there is little to separate them in their coaching techniques. "Durrell is just about as tough as The Bear," says a Texas man, "but he smiles more." Royall said he heard from Bryant when the Orange Bowl puning was made. "He told me he had a small team that was slow, but it also had a lot of injuries." Royall would have told Bryant just as much.

There had been no New Year's Eve partying for either coach, nor for their staffs, and especially not for their players. Royall said restrictions were not rigidly enforced, "but, then, if these were the type boys we had to worry about they wouldn't be here. They'd be home watching television. I'll tell you something; there's no company or party that's going to mean much to any of us if we get our tails whipped."

To consider the unrealities of the Orange Bowl game itself, it is wise to consider the airy qualities of the fantasyland in which it is played. Miami fancies itself

the sun center of the universe, but the game was played at night—the first bowl game ever played at night—as a special courtesy to the National Broadcasting Company. NBC paid \$600,000 for the courtesy. The staging was magnificent, there were rockets and fireworks and a multiplicity of bands. Fresh oranges were carefully Scotch-taped to the orange trees in the east end zone, and bathing beauties lounged on coral rocks, waiting, presumably, to retrieve field-goal attempts.

Alabama did not make a first down, much less get near the end zone, in the first quarter, but the psyched-up defense twice blunted Texas thrusts. Then the defensive team guessed wrong on a stunting movement and Koy sliced, cut back through the vacancy left at right tackle and was suddenly free on his 79-yard touchdown run, the longest by a Texas back in four years.

This first of several unusual involvements that cost The Tide dearly occurred in the second quarter. The next came as Texas prepared to punt on fourth down at its 26. During the time-out that preceded the play Bryant substituted his of-

fensive team. Center Gaylon McCullough lined up at defensive right tackle, misread the line of scrimmage and was called off side. The punt was nullified and Texas retained possession with a first down on the 31. On the very next play Hudson replaced Kristynik at quarterback. Hudson was the starter before an early-season injury sidelined him and is a fine passer, but Alabama did not catch the change until too late. Sauer, split right, ran a straight fly pattern and sped past Bama's defenses.

With the score 14-0, Namath replaced Sloan. His knee was heavily bound and he wore soccer shoes with small cleats to prevent them from grabbing turf. He clearly could not run, but in college football there is no one who throws better, gimp leg or no. His passes covered all but four yards of the ensuing 87-yard touchdown drive, including a seven-yarder to End Wayne Trimble for the score.

Shortly afterward came the third jolt of misfortune for Alabama—stranger even than the first or second. Having detected an opening at left end when Texas lined up for a field-goal try, Alabama



Missing against desperate touchdown drive of Alabama, Texas defenders hunt back final fourth-quarter challenge at the one to preserve victory.

sent Creed Gilmer ripping across the unprotected zone. Gilmer blocked the kick at the Alabama 28-yard line, and David Ray punted the ball up to run for Alabama. But Ray fumbled away possession as he was hit on the 38. A downfield holding penalty put Texas on the Alabama 13, and three plays later Koy slanted in to make it 21-7 at half time.

The second half belonged to Joe Namath. Coach Webb Ewbank of the New York Jets, watching from the press box, bubbled over every move as Namath took Alabama 63 yards for one score, getting the touchdown on a 20-yard pass thrown sharply between two Texas defenders. "Fabulous, fabulous, fabulous," sang Ewbank, who had a contract ready for Namath to sign. "Reminds me of Unitas. He doesn't have to be tutored. He could take a pro team right now."

In the fourth quarter Namath worked Alabama in again, this time for a field goal, and finally to the six-yard line on the last Alabama drive. Three fullback plunges by Steve Bowman reached the one. At the line of scrimmage on fourth down Namath thought he saw a trace of daylight at right guard. He ignored his knee trouble and disappeared in a cascade of white-and-orange jerseys. Eventually Namath could be seen in the end zone, but only after the play was blown dead. "One official said it was a score, but the referee said no," Namath said, and was livid. "I guess you know whose side I was on." An Alabama assistant put it less heatedly and more accurately. "If we can't score in four tries from the six we don't deserve to win."

Texas never got past midfield in the second half, and made only four first downs as Alabama overshifted to the strong side to adjust to the power sweeps of Koy. But for all the momentum Namath provided, Texas had won the game in the first half and preserved it with that goal-line defense.

The next morning Joe Namath went through the formalities of a press conference in which he signed a Jet contract that will, with long-term benefits, amount to more than \$400,000, or just enough to pay the annual salaries of 75 postal clerks. Then he went celebrating with Ewbank at Tropical Park, a racetrack where Namath once was nabbed for gambling as a minor. There, in keeping with the Alabama mood, he squandered a small portion of his record allotment on horses that ran slow.

ARKANSAS TAKES OVER AT THE TOP

At the opening kickoff on a gray, muggy day in the Cotton Bowl last week, Arkansas' quick, aggressive Razorbacks converged on Nebraska in a blur of crimson, seeking, as always, to knock down any and all opposing bodies. As the luck went through the end zone and out of play, Arkansas' Bobby Roper (6 feet 3, 193 pounds), a defensive specialist, found Nebraska's pass-catching end, Freeman White (6 feet 5, 219), standing idly as if the game had yet to begin. Roper threw a furious but perfectly legal shoulder into the unsuspecting White, repositioning him upside down and some five yards backyards. More than half of the 75,504 spectators responded with the customary squeal of "Soosey Pig!" Nebraska had its introduction to brutal, fundamental, Arkansas football and to the team that would emerge from the New Year's Day weekend as the most persevering in the land—and probably the best.

Coach Frank Broyles's alert platoons, winners of the Southwest Conference championship, moved quickly to a 3-0 lead over stunned and outraged Nebraska and seemed capable throughout the first quarter of making life miserable for its opponents on any given play. But the slow-starting Cornhuskers began to draw inspiration from Arkansas' offensive mistakes and the fine running of their sophomore halfback, Harry Wilson. Two fumbles, an interception, a clipping penalty and two offside penalties kept Arkansas, a team normally guilty of very few errors, frustrated until just nine minutes remained in the fourth quarter, at which point Nebraska held a 7-3 lead. But that was time enough for Quarterback Freddy Marshall to complete five big passes—the two most important ones going to Halfback Jim Lindsey—and to drive Arkansas a precious 80 yards to a touchdown and victory.

The win left Broyles's team undefeated and untied through 11 games and deserving of the mythical award as national champion. Among the major teams in contention, Arkansas had the only perfect record. It could boast that during the regular season it had defeated not only Nebraska, the Big Eight champion, but Texas, conqueror of Alabama, and Tulsa, the Bluebonnet Bowl winner, too. Moreover, the number of victories achieved by Arkansas' 11 victims totaled 57, far more than the opposition of other possible claimants, including Notre Dame and Rose Bowl champion Michigan. "I certainly consider us No. 1,"

said Broyles, who had rushed with his team out of a postgame banquet to cheer for Texas on television.

At the beginning of the new year there was one more No. 1 award left to be earned. Since 1954 the Football Writers Association of America has believed that the wire-service polls were impulsive and inconclusive, and has therefore waited until after the bowl games to select the winner of its own Grantland Rice Trophy. It was only right that the writers should name Arkansas as the nation's best college football team of 1964.

This was an Arkansas team that was followed by 30,000 enthusiasts of all kinds. One chartered bus in Dallas, for instance, featured a large banner that said, "Little Rock Gains St. Baptist Church says go, Hogs, go." It was a team whose main strength was in its defense (it scored five straight shutouts). All-America Ronnie Caveness, a Texan, and Ronnie Mac Smith, a native Arkansian, were superb linebackers, but no faster or more effective than Middle Guard Jim Johnson or Tackles Jim Williams and Lloyd Phillips. With the ends, All-Conference Jim Finch and Bobby Roper, they formed a cohesive unit, often moving as one mass to the ball. They had, for example, 13 defenses to use against Nebraska's unbalanced offense.

But this was also a Broyles team that had, for the first time, something more than defense. It used the rules, oddly ignored by other potentially good teams, that permitted offensive and defensive units. Broyles wisely platooned early.

"Always on the punt," said Broyles, "our offense has suffered because we went first with our best defensive boys. Sometime during a game we'd find that we'd lose a key down when our attack would stall because one of those defensive boys would not have the technique to make a block. We didn't have that this year. We had good blocking specialists—and still had our defense."

Broyles had punting, too, in Freddy Marshall, an experienced fifth-year layover quarterback. He admitted, "It's not our nature, but it's now a necessity. Both the Texas and Nebraska games have convinced me of something. When you're a conservative team with a three-point lead, you're actually behind. And when you have a seven-point lead, you're tied. But we're letting down here. We're learning it's better to attack when you're ahead."

—DAN JENKINS

TWO ONCE AND FUTURE CHAMPS

While Princeton's Bill Bradley demonstrated why he is the nation's best player with a spectacular performance in New York, UCLA knocked off some prime contenders for its national title in Los Angeles by FRANK DEFORD

The new year came, but in basketball the old order—the top of the old order, anyway—remained the same. Stoutly challenged but replying with a renewed excellence, Bill Bradley of Princeton and the UCLA team established for 1965 the superiority that the year gone by had already witnessed. Their latest successes, in the two best of many holiday tournaments, differed only in the statistical denouements—that is, on the scoreboards.

UCLA performed at the Los Angeles Sports Arena, located, as the freeway flies, only 10 miles from Hollywood. And as in a celluloid finish—all kisses and pocket fence—the Bruins romped to a deserving, happy win in the L.A. Classic final over Utah. Led by a surfer named Keith Erickson, who is even more renowned for his volleyball prowess—many consider him the best in the country—UCLA and its zone press whipped two undefeated teams and set scoring records to hoot.

But separated by a continent and denied that sort of tidy script, Bill Bradley played a lusty act in Madison Square Garden that more resembled the dramas of neighboring Broadway, where playwrights frequently dare to conclude with the brutal crush of reality. In the Holiday Festival, against the nation's No. 1 ranked team, Michigan, Bradley put on as fine an individual performance as has ever been given on a basketball court. When he fouled out with 4.37 left, his team was ahead by 12 points. With him on the bench, Princeton lost it all, 80-78, though even in defeat Bradley salvaged what he wanted most of all. "We all felt he looked forward to this so much," teammate Ed Hummer explained. "He wanted to show that the Ivy League was better than they all said."

Bradley's personal dismantling of Michigan, followed by St. John's subsequent 75-74 victory over the Wolverines in the Festival final, further served to

show that while UCLA has regrouped after the substantial loss of Walt Hazzard, Michigan's veteran personnel has failed to improve as a unit. The Wolverines still rely too much on muscle. Against Princeton, for instance, they did not make a basket except off a rebound for the first eight and a half minutes. They are also still given to lapses of shoddy defense and to long minutes of utter collapse, the nadir of which was reached against St. John's, when Michigan blew a 16-point lead. The team suddenly just stopped dead, scoring but a single basket and four free throws in the last nine and a half minutes.

Despite the fact that Coach Dave Strack has the considerable talents of Cazzie Russell to guide the attack, Michigan needs, as an option, a more disciplined offense to fall back on when it goes into those devastating spells of purposeless inefficiency. It was, of course, a thrilling victory for St. John's, especially since Coach Joe Lapchick is retiring after this season, but it was also somehow anticlimactic after Bradley's show. The second straight sell-out crowd (scalpers got \$35 for tickets to the Princeton-Michigan game) was on hand just as much to see Bradley perform in a meaningless consolation match with Cincinnati as it was to see the championship game.

Despite his play in the Olympic trials and on the U.S. team, Bradley still came to New York with the stigma of supposedly weak Ivy League competition detracting from his notices. It took him exactly three minutes of Princeton's opening game with Syracuse to show that the Ivies can play as hard as they study. Syracuse set up in a four-man box zone defense, with Sam Penceal assigned just to Bradley. Penceal literally clung to him, clutching, grabbing, clawing. Suddenly, obviously furious, Bradley lashed back with an elbow that rocked the hunky Penceal as hard as any elbow

he had ever received on the Brooklyn playgrounds where he learned the game. The crowd gasped, then whooped in appreciation; the referee sent Penceal to the free-throw line. A minute later, Bradley finally broke away from Penceal and got the ball for the first time. Immediately, he sank a 20-foot jump shot. By the half he had 23 points, at the end 36, and Princeton won 79-69 in this battle of orange-and-blacks.

Against Manhattan that night, Michigan's Russell also scored 36, which set things up almost too perfectly for the already much-publicized head-on battle between the two best players in the nation. As it turned out, though, it was not to be Bradley vs. Russell, or Princeton vs. Michigan, but Bradley vs. Michigan. By the time he fouled out to one of the largest and warmest ovens ever given a performer at Madison Square Garden, Bradley was no longer being compared to any of his contemporaries but only to the other legendary collegians of basketball and to memories of their greatest nights.

"Hank Luisetti and Oscar Robertson came in here and they were unbeatable," former All-Pro Carl Braun said flitily, "but Bradley is the greatest."

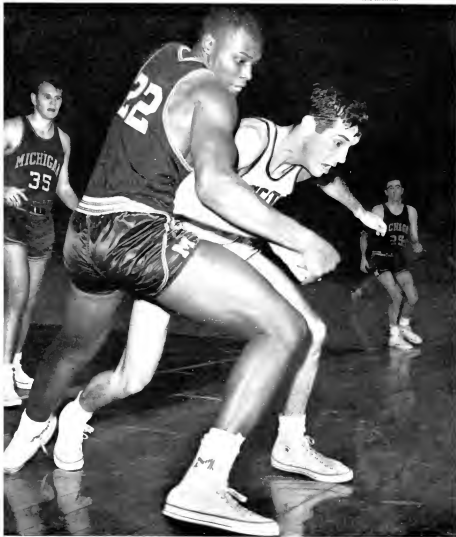
Said Joe Lapchick, "I always thought Oscar was the greatest, but Bradley is only a half-step behind him. Right now, if the Knicks could get him, he'd be worth \$100,000 to them."

The Knicks, of course, cannot get him, Bradley having committed himself to a Rhodes scholarship for two years at Oxford. Then he plans to enter law school. Too bad for the Knicks, and for all basketball fans.

In the Michigan game, Bradley was the underdog—Michigan was favored by a

continued

Caught in stances reflecting the tension of a memorable game, Bradley and Michigan's Bill Buntin battle for possession of a loose ball



down points. And as he began to dominate all the action—not just for himself, but obviously inspiring his teammates—the whole Garden came alive for him. A conclave of Princeton students began to cheer “Go, Tiger, go!” which is how they cheer at Princeton, an affected use of the singular that originated, presumably, when there was only the Princeton Tiger and no Detroit Tigers or Clemson Tigers or Dick Tigers or tiger-in-the-tank tigers. But at the Garden the chant was picked up and carried and the spectators—Madison Ave. and Lenox Ave. alike—made it the idiomatic plural, “Go, Tigers, go!”

Bradley scored 12 straight points for his team near the end of the first half to put Princeton in front 39-37. That gave him 23. Russell, bothered by a shoe that did not fit and a fine defensive job by Princeton's Don Rodenbach, was held to six points. But Rodenbach picked up two quick fouls at the start of the last half, and Bradley was moved to the backcourt in his place.

Complete court majesty

Now Bradley also had to bring the ball up in addition to his other chores of scoring and rebounding and ball-hawking, which meant he was doing everything. The crowd began to cheer whenever he got his hands on the ball. He eventually finished with 41 points, nine rebounds and four assists, but his playmaking and general floor skill—the man he guarded made one point and Bradley had several steals—were as outstanding.

“I didn't think that any one fellow on any club could dominate a game against another team,” Michigan's Dave Strack said later. “I knew he was great—Cazzie had played with him in the Olympic trials and told me he was. We were invited to give him even 35 or 40 points, but I just never thought that one man could control a game like that.”

But the effort tired Bradley. He actually missed two foul shots. Seconds later he was called for traveling, and shortly after that he reached around Oliver Darden—a foolish, tired man's move—and fouled out. There was 4:37 left and Princeton led 75-63. At 3:44 Princeton Guard Gary Walters drove through to make it 77-63, and the upset still seemed possible. But then Princeton collapsed.

Like a thwarted ghost out of Shakespeare, Bradley sat towel-shrouded on the bench and watched the undoing of his accomplishment. Michigan, which

can be so overpowering, thrust out with irresistible momentum. Led by Russell, George Pomey and John Thompson, the Wolverines started scoring—three baskets in one stretch of 24 seconds—while allowing Princeton only one shot in the last three minutes of play. Michigan tied it with 51 seconds still to go and then, when Russell tossed in the winning basket from the left corner with three seconds left, it was a mercy killing of Princeton that kept the game from overtime.

Bill Buntin, the Michigan center, rushed to Bradley and hugged him—not in the exuberance of victory, but in admiration. Bradley hardly seemed to recognize the gesture, however, and hurried out, past where his mother sat and past where a few ordinary fans were crying for him. Strack came up in the gloomy hallway outside the Princeton locker room, where Bradley slumped against the wall, and put a hand on his shoulder and complimented him. “We didn't deserve that,” Strack said. As he moved off, he repeated it, louder, so anyone could hear. “We didn't deserve that.”

A few moments after her son ran by her, Mrs. Bradley said, not at all in tears, but proudly and enthusiastically: “It was a good game. It was a very good game, wasn't it?” It was that and much more. It may be the last of the great games they will reminisce about after this old Madison Square Garden is torn down two years from now and the new Garden rises on top of the Pennsylvania Railroad Station.

While UCLA was scrambling to a perfect 30-0 season and the undisputed national championship last year, California Athletic Director Pete Newell cracked: “Whenever they're in trouble they go to the insurance man.” In Newell's vernacular the insurance man is the pressure player, the money player, the player any coach wants to have holding the ball in tense situations. The man who filled the bill for UCLA last year was Walt Hazard, the gone-but-not-forgotten guard who brilliantly directed the Bruins' offensive efforts. At last week's Los Angeles Classic it was clear to see UCLA had found a 1965 model of the insurance man: Keith Erickson. With his fundamental help, the team won the tournament for the third straight, embarrassing time—and he was justly acclaimed the tournament's Most Valuable Player.

Erickson is no newcomer, for it was he who last year so capably called signals for—and backed up—Coach John Wooden's tricky zone-press defenses. Wooden's presses cling to opponents like a wet sheet. “The first problem you've got to solve,” says a UCLA rival, “is how to get the ball in bounds.” But if the offense can ever squirm through the zone-press net, it can often find clear sailing ahead. It can, that is, if there is no Keith Erickson waiting up court as safety man. Erickson can squirt hither and yonder so quickly that even if it is two-against-one he is rarely the underdog. Says Minnesota Coach John Kundla ruefully: “UCLA can afford to let you break through now and then. Erickson's going to block your shot anyhow.”

This year Erickson, taking over Walt Hazard's role, has become the offensive ignition of the team as well. As a sort of cohesive force and inspirational leader, he is the man they all turn to when trouble arises—and more times than not he can handle it. Not cut from the same blue-serge cloth as the earnest, undersized John Wooden, Erickson is cocky and given to drifting indifference in the tedium of practice. But Wooden admits he can tolerate a little insouciance if the man can rise to the occasion at game time. “And Erickson gets better as the pressure gets higher,” says Wooden.

That does not mean Here (for Hercules) Erickson waits for things to happen. He is the kind of player who manufactures his breaks, and such induced opportunity was evident as the Bruins worked their way through Arizona, Minnesota and Utah last week. UCLA was not pressed by Arizona and coasted to a 99-79 victory. But next night, against unbeaten, third-ranked Minnesota, the opposition stiffened; at half, UCLA led by a mere three points, two of them made by Erickson just before the buzzer. Erickson got things moving with more vigor in the second half. Not only was he floor boss, he also had the dangerous job of guarding the Gophers' Lou Hudson, as fine a forward as can be found on campus. This job Erickson discharged wickedly and with wit: once he came diving in like a shortstop (which he has been in his day) to make a steal from

Climbing down with one of his 13 rebounds, Erickson contributed mightily to UCLA's domination of the ball against Utah in L.A. Classic final



Hudson. Moments later he came zipping around Hudson's back and deflected a Minnesota pass to teammate Edgar Lacey for an easy layup. Utah Coach Jack Gardner, taking it all in and trying to divine what it was to mean to his Utes, growled: "UCLA destroys you—physically, mentally and morally." Shortly thereafter, wisps of smoke rose over what had been Minnesota—93-77.

Still, Jack Gardner may have thought he had overestimated the Bruins for, the following night, Utah itself was only three points down at the half. Indeed, Utah had been tied with UCLA 11 times, and Gail Goodrich, the Bruins' excellent playmaker, was in foul trouble and on the bench. With that, John Wooden tightened his zone press and Utah, bending under the awful weight, committed seven major ball-handling errors in the first six minutes of the second half. What had been anybody's ball game was suddenly UCLA's all the way—104-74 at the finish.

Hercules Erickson had been everywhere: sometimes on the prowl downcourt like Joe De Maggio flouting through center field; sometimes picking up the first man loose on Utah's fast break, sometimes intercepting passes; and other times catapulting into the air under the backboards as if the floor were a trampoline. Seeing Erickson heading up, up and away, it is easy to understand why he was on the U.S. Olympic volleyball team last fall. When he spikes a volleyball, the only defense is to dive for cover.

After UCLA lost its opening game this season to Illinois—the first defeat in 31 games—everybody agreed, sure that the Bruins were not of the championship caliber of last year. But now they look even better than they did last time around and must be rated a favorite for the national title all over again. So some of the sports were picking the brains of Jack Gardner after the Classic, trying to make sense of what they had seen. "What have they got?" one man wanted to know. "What haven't they got?" blurted the Utah coach, a shade too hotly for humor, perhaps. "Oh, I admit Gail Goodrich has a weakness; he can't dribble very well with his left foot. Otherwise, they have balanced board power. And great speed. Also great shooting. And fantastic jumping. Don't overlook great depth. And—and don't ever forget it—Keith Erickson."

END

GOLDEN DAYS AT THE DENTIST'S

Santa Anita, a sporting venture founded 30 years ago by a dentist who knew how to treat his clientele, has its grandest opening ever, and in the process establishes itself as America's best racetrack **by WHITNEY TOWER**

Give your sport a good public image from the beginning and then work as hard as you know how to improve the image every year, or else you are wasting your time. This was the attitude that a San Francisco dentist named Charles Strub brought with him when he came down the Coast some 30 years ago and built Santa Anita racetrack on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Financiers warned him of bankruptcy, horsemen advised it would be a quick flop and his 16-year-old son might well have sat down to plan a career in dentistry. But Dr. Strub was a man of vision. He was sure, financiers be damned, that Los Angeles was going to grow, and he was positive, horsemen be damned, that he knew a lot about the likes and dislikes of sports fans. He had learned about them while running San Francisco's baseball team, the Seals, and he felt if you could make money with a baseball team in a fog you ought to be able to make it with a racetrack in the sun.

Dr. Strub was right—as usual. He built his track in a beautiful setting that used the majestic San Gabriel mountain range as a backdrop, he lured class racing to the West and, by the time he died in 1958, Santa Anita was a superb success. Last week the dentist's racetrack—now under the management of son Bob—began another season, and never had its auspices been more promising. A crowd of 70,023 turned up for opening day, and at the end of the first week attendance was up 64% over last year and the mutual handle was up 25%.

Even on New Year's Day, with a counterattraction called the Rose Bowl drawing 100,423 people just 10 miles down the road, 37,203 were at Santa Anita and, in its image-conscious fashion, the track gave its faithful something extra. An old home-town favorite, Candy Spots, trying a comeback after being away from the races with leg trouble for more than a year, turned in a sensational winning performance. The following day 50,366 saw another local hero, Hall Rise, meet a noted eastern invader,

Roman Brother, in a smallish event, the \$25,000 added Malibu Stakes. It did not really matter that the race was won by a 16-to-1 shot, Power of Destiny, since it provided such a close finish among the 10 starters that Nearco Blue, the seventh horse to reach the wire, was beaten by only a length and a half. Hall Rise, incidentally, was a fast-closing third, while Roman Brother was last, though just six lengths behind the leader.

The most memorable opening week in Santa Anita history might be explained by saying that larger crowds are inevitable when a major spectator sport is staged in an area where the population growth is so fantastic. This may be, but a more realistic way to describe the upsurge would be to state unobtusatingly that under Bob Strub and his able aides Santa Anita has become the best-managed racetrack in America. It is a pleasure for horsemen to race there, and an even greater pleasure for fans to go to the races there.

Jimmy Kilroe, Santa Anita's racing director and a man long recognized as the leading racing secretary and handicapper in the country, says, "Our success has a logical base. The program, with its 11 weeks of racing and ample opportunities for every type of top horse, gets the horses here. The horses get the jockeys, and the jockeys bring out the people."

That is exactly how things have developed this winter at Santa Anita. In Gun Bow, the early favorite for the Santa Anita Handicap, and now maybe Candy Spots, the track could have the two best handicap horses in the country. Certainly, Gun Bow is the best since the retirement of Kelso. Included among the 1,550 horses on the grounds are about 200 from the East, and all of them are good enough to win either an allowance or a stakes race. The jockeys now at Santa Anita are the best colony of riders ever assembled at one track—Bill Shoemaker, Manuel Ycaza, Mito Valenzuela, Johnny Longden and, for the first time, Bill Hartack, along with

such California regulars as Ray York, Ken Church and Rudy Campas and those highly competent craftsmen: Don Pierce, Henry Moreno and Willie Harman. Another, Wally Blum, who was the leading winner in 1963 and 1964, was injured during the first week.

"What it boils down to," says Kilroe, "is that we have attracted the finest horses from all over the country because we offer good purses and horsemen know that if they ship in with the right kind of horses to hit the program they'll all have a chance to run."

Another element in Santa Anita's success is pointed out by General Manager Fred Ryan. The track built the proper public-relations image years ago, and so, says Ryan, "we benefit from the best press in the country. Even before we opened this season they were writing



story after story about the horses and jocks coming in." Publicity Director Dick Nash has a crew of 10 men and two secretaries working the 55-day meeting, dishing out press releases and features on a daily production line that would do justice to the White House. The *Los Angeles Times* has two men full time at the track, and on big days sends out a photographer or two as well as a reporter for the society or fashion page. For the February 27 Santa Anita Handicap the *Times* will use eight staffers on the beat.

Amid all the rosy atmosphere surrounding Los Angeles racing there is little to complain about, but one point does come up on occasion. It has been said that western racing is the roughest in the country and that the officiating quite frankly leaves a good deal to be desired.

Two years ago, when his Candy Spots hurdled fallen animals to win the Santa Anita Derby after a four-horse pile-up, Owner Rex Ellsworth charged that riders were getting away with murder at Santa Anita. Ellsworth found allies in many of the jockeys themselves, and in the trainers, too. One of the latter remarked last week, "The jocks claim that the stewards

aren't consistent here, that one boy will get days for a foul and another boy doing the same thing isn't even called in. I say they have always been consistent in one way: Ralph Neves, for I-don't-know-how-many years, was allowed to shut off every horse in the race, and Johnny Longden, who is the world's greatest artist at herding horses anywhere he wants to herd them, never got what was coming to him in the way of suspensions." (Neves holds the record for career suspensions but was grounded only 126 days in 25 years at Santa Anita.)

Grandpappy Longden, still a tough man at 57, does not agree. "I expect to get days if I'm wrong," he said last week, "but I also expect to see any other rider get days when he's wrong." A few hours after offering this testimony Longden was suspended five days for careless riding. "It's like I said," he groaned. "It looks like they're out to get me and nobody else."

Jockey Don Pierce has a more plausible explanation for the difficulties encountered while riding at Santa Anita. "It is rougher, maybe, because the competition among the top jocks is so close," he says. "Also, this is a one-mile track in-

stead of a mile-and-an-eighth, which means you have tighter turns."

Santa Anita's presiding steward, J. J. Tunney, says that proof the officiating is good lies in the fact that at this track there are more stewards' inquiries than claims of fouls by jockeys. A survey comparing the 1963-64 Santa Anita meeting and the first 55 days of New York's 1964 Aqueduct meeting shows that in New York there were 29 inquiries; 21 of them were foul claims by the jocks and eight were stewards' inquiries. At Santa Anita over the same period there were 21 inquiries, of which 13 were instituted by the stewards. "How can they say we are lax?" asks Tunney.

In any event, lax is no word to apply to Dr. Strub's brainchild, for Santa Anita is charging tensely ahead. Its fans even think that Bill Perry's Jacinto may be the western answer to Hialeah's Bold Lad and Sidaar come Kentucky Derby time. And though Santa Anita may have an endlessly growing population to draw from and an all but captive audience, it never forgets the old Strub thesis about image and effort. Bob Strub obviously learned a lot from his father, and it wasn't demistry. END

Mountains make a beautiful backdrop, but it is the valley filled with cars in the foreground that is the measure of Santa Anita's prosperity.



HOW THE COLTS MET TRIUMPH—AND DISASTER

by COACH DON SHULA with TEX MAULE

After a stumbling start the Baltimore Colts played like a superteam, wrapping up the National Football League's Western Division title four weeks before the championship game with Cleveland. For young Coach Don Shula (opposite, with Quarterback Johnny Unitas) it was a satisfying experience—until the Colts ran into the Browns. Here Shula recalls it all, from the exhibition season through those final 60 minutes of shock and despair

A pro football team runs, on offense and defense, between 2,000 and 2,500 plays in a season. A whole season—or a championship game—can turn on just one or two plays. Two plays turned our season into a success, until we reached the championship game against Cleveland. Then a few key plays went the other way and we ended the year the way we began it—with a shocking defeat.

We will go into the plays that set up the Western title for us later. First let us consider the championship game.

After the division championships were decided, Blanton Collier of the Browns and I got together to trade movies. You are entitled to five game movies from your opponent for a championship game, but we agreed to trade six.

We got movies of the Brown games against Detroit, Green Bay, their first game against Pittsburgh, their second game against the Washington Redskins, the game they lost to the St. Louis Cardinals and their final game against the New York Giants. We especially wanted

the Detroit and Green Bay films since we are, of course, very familiar with the teams in our own division. The second Washington game was the one in which Sonny Jurgensen had a strong second half against the Browns, and we wanted to study the patterns and the calls. The first game the Browns played against Pittsburgh was the game in which John Henry Johnson ran for 200 yards in 30 carries against the Browns and we wanted to chart Pittsburgh's running offense. St. Louis had done a good job of defending the Browns, so we wanted to see that. And we wanted to see the latest Cleveland game—the one against the Giants—to find out if the Browns had made any significant changes in either offense or defense.

The six games we gave to Cleveland were our last game, against Washington, the Detroit game we lost, the second Ram game, in which we clinched the championship, the second Green Bay game, the second game against Minnesota and our second game against the Chicago

Bears. Blanton did not explain to me why he wanted those games, but it is not hard to figure out. In the Detroit game the Lions did everything well against us. Although we won the second Ram game, Johnny Unitas had probably his worst day of the season, completing only six of 18 passes, and the Rams put a great deal of pressure on him. In our second game against Minnesota, the Vikings ran for 221 yards on us and Blanton wanted to study Van Brocklin's offense. The Browns had played Green Bay, so they wanted to study us against a common opponent. Then, in the second Bear game, Chicago used a flood formation similar to one Blanton uses and he wanted to see how we defended it. I must say he got a lot out of what he saw in those movies.

After the last game of the regular season we gave the players two days off. The coaches studied and charted the Brown game movies all day and most of the night Monday and Tuesday. We had a short workout Wednesday morning.

continued



concentrating on screens and draws so the players could get in a lot of running to loosen them up. Then we went back to the movies again.

The more we looked the more we began to respect the Cleveland offense. You could see Paul Warfield grow from game to game as a receiver. And we never ceased to be amazed at Jim Brown. One night he had finished Gino Marchetti said to me, "He's even better than I thought he was and I thought he was the best." Gino was right.

The Brown passing game improved all year. Collier's problem when the season began was just the opposite of mine. I had to bring up the Colt running attack to balance the passing; he had to bring the Brown passing up to the running. He succeeded very well. Frank Ryan improved as the season wore on, too. He moved up his calls, hitting Warfield a lot, but going to Gary Collins almost as much, and in a couple of games frequently throwing to Johnny Brewer, their tight end.

After our analysis of the movies we decided that we would have to establish a running game so that we could control the ball. That is the best defense against Jim Brown. He can't run when he is on the bench.

We felt we could gain by running straight at the Cleveland line. Sucker plays do not work against the Cleveland tackles, since both Jim Kamicki and Dick Modzelewski sit in the hole and wait. Power sweeps are tough because the Cleveland ends stay on the line and fight. We thought we could drive straight ahead at the tackles and run traps on the ends through the four and five holes, the holes between tackle and end on each side. Our traps have always been effective because we have big Jim Parker pulling for the trap block, and he is one of the best in the business.

The Browns had used a lot of zone pass defense, so we thought we could key our passing game to how they played their linebackers. If they shifted a linebacker to the strong side of the zone we would throw back to the weak side. If the linebacker stayed on the weak side we could go to the strong side. The Browns had not used much man-to-man coverage, but if they did we felt that Raymond Berry and Jimmy Durr would be able to get loose on Walter Beach or Bernie Parrish.

Planning a defense against the Cleve-

land ground game is essentially trying to figure out how to stop Jim Brown. We keyed our middle linebacker, Bill Pellington, on Brown, as most clubs do. But the only effectual defense against Brown is gang-tackling, and we emphasized the need for our defensive players to keep their feet and get into the pursuit. If one man gets knocked down and opens a lane, Brown will break a single tackle to get into the lane, and once he is in it he has so much speed he can score from anywhere on the field.

We set up to mix zone and man-to-man coverage on pass defense. We were perfectly familiar with their passing sets—the double wing and the flood. We wanted Lenny Lyles to play Warfield close and tough; you always put pressure on a rookie.

I have tried to figure out where I made a mistake or how I would change my preparations for this game, but I honestly can't. The team was spirited in workouts, so spirited that at the Thursday workout before the championship game Joe Don Looney and John Diehl had a fight. Nothing serious, but it showed that we were up.

Then came the game day, and we got beat 27-0. We had not been shut out for 31 games in a row and we had never lost a championship game.

There were three key plays and all of them came in the second half. The first, of course, was Jim Brown's 46-yard run from the Cleveland 36-yard line down to our 18. The Browns were leading 3-0, but we were still very much in the game.

The play started from their double-wing set; the Browns were on the hash mark to our right, which left the wide side of the field to our left. We were zoned to the wide side, since that is where they had the most running room and the widest area for passes. Frank Ryan made an excellent call; he sent Brown on a sweep into the short side of the field, and our safety could not come up fast enough to reach him and he was gone. Aside from this long run, most of Brown's gains all day were only normal for him.

The second key play came immediately afterward. The Browns came out on our 18-yard line in a conventional set with Gary Collins on the strong side. We were zoned to the strong side again. Collins broke down and in and he was pretty well covered, but the pass rush did not put pressure on Ryan. When

Collins saw Frank had time he made another move in the end zone and broke free and Ryan hit him for a score.

The third key play was the second Cleveland touchdown. This time Collins was spread to the weak side and we were in a safety zone to the strong side. Collins ran an inside-turn pattern, where he turns back to the inside of the field for a short pass. As he turned, Ryan pumped his arm as if he were going to pass, and our safety on that side came up fast. When he did, Collins turned and went. The safety, Bobby Boyd, realized his mistake and tried to bump Collins out of his pattern, but he slipped and fell down and Collins was all alone. The pass went 42 yards for a touchdown and put Cleveland ahead 17-0 and it was all over, although I did not believe so at the time.

Collins' third touchdown was icing on the cake for Cleveland. On this one Boyd had him covered as closely as possible, but Collins made the catch on great individual effort.

Of their three touchdowns, the first two were the direct results of poor defense by us and the third was on a fine performance by Collins.

We never made a big play and they made three. Their whole defensive line—Paul Wiggin, Jim Kamicki, Dick Modzelewski and Bill Glass—dominated us, and their offensive line was just as good as we expected it to be. You know Frank Ryan was thrown for losses attempting to pass fewer times than any other quarterback in the league during the season. Galen Fiss, their right linebacker, did a tremendous job. Once, when we were still in the game, we called a screen to Lenny Moore and I thought Lenny might go all the way, but Fiss came right by a block and dropped Lenny for a loss with a superb tackle. He gambled and won; if he had lost, Lenny had blockers ahead and a lane down the sideline.

Whenever we had a drive started, we blew it on an interception or a fumble. We never went in, we never made the one big play that might have ignited the club. The Browns did and won. Blanton did a fine job all year and he and the Browns deserved to win.

Sadly enough, the season started for us the same way it ended, except that it was the Minnesota Vikings who beat us in the opening game, nearly as

badly as the Browns did in this one. And we felt we were ready for Minnesota, just as we felt ready for Cleveland.

We had been getting ready for that Viking game for a year, actually: Carroll Rosenbloom hired me as head coach of the Baltimore Colts in January of 1963. I was the defensive coach for the Detroit Lions at that time. I heard—through the grapevine in the National Football League, where you hear everything—that Carroll was looking for a new head coach. I had played for the Colts for several years. I was a defensive halfback. A writer once called me a calculated risk as a defensive halfback. I may not have been among the best in the league at that position, but if I was a risk it was pretty well calculated, since I played corner back for seven years and you can't risk too much there. Anyway, while I was playing for Cleveland, Baltimore and Washington I spent a good deal of time studying my position. I always wanted to be a coach. Carroll once told me that he knew that. I guess he still knew it when he decided to change coaches at Baltimore. He called me when the Lions played the Colts late in the season to see if I thought I was ready for a head coaching job. He said he was considering a change and I told him I was interested and the only way I could prove whether I was ready was for him to give me the opportunity.

["He was a student all the time he played with us," says Rosenbloom. "When we cut him I was against it but I give our coaches free rein. I admired him then, and when I decided to change coaches I thought of him. I thought of some others, too, but all the recommendations I got favored Don."] "

Carroll called me in January—late—and told me I had the job. It was a dream come true.

I did not worry much about taking over. The big thing that helped me was that I had had the responsibility for half the Detroit club for a couple of years. I coached the defense, and George Wilson, whom I admire very much now and learned a great deal from then, let me run it. So I knew I could handle half the job. And if you coach defense, you have to learn offense. I thought I knew enough offense and I had carte blanche to hire assistants. What I didn't know I could employ.

I guess I had some special problems. I had played with some of the Colt play-

ers—Gino Marchetti, for instance, who had been recognized as the best defensive end in pro football. Now I was going to coach Gino. I had played under the defensive coach of the Colts, Charlie Winner. Carroll told me I could replace anyone I wanted to, and I think a lot of people expected me to let Charlie go because I had been a player for him, but I never even thought of doing that. He coached the same kind of defense I had, and for a good reason: both of us had learned it from Blanton Collier. I had worked as an assistant under Blanton at the University of Kentucky. I did not expect any personality clashes with Charlie or Gino and I didn't get any.

I was hired in January, but I did not move to Baltimore until April. That spring I spent a lot of time looking at game movies. I found out that one of the things that had hurt the Colts was a lack of blocking from tight end. This was before the 1963 season, and we had drafted a big rookie named John Mackey to play tight end. I got Jim Mutsaers to help him with his blocking assignments in spring training. He turned into a fine blocker. We were lacking in other departments, too—running, for instance. But we had the big thing, we had a great gunner and an excellent field general in Johnny Unitas.

The most desperate lacks were at fullback, offensive tackle and defensive tackle. By the time I came to the Colts, the club had already drafted, and they had done a good job of plugging those holes. We had Bob Vogel at offensive tackle, Fred Miller at defensive tackle and then we picked up J. W. Lockett and a New York rookie named Nat Craddock at fullback. Vogel and Miller developed; the other two did not. Craddock did not play at all for us; Lockett was not the answer either and finally I settled on Jerry Hill, a tough, good runner and strong blocker from Wyoming. By the middle of the season he took over at fullback, and he got better as the year went on. I had tried to shuffle him around at several positions early in the season, but he is the kind of player who has to be given one assignment to live with. Once he settled down at fullback and felt comfortable in the blocking and running assignments he made the rest of the running go.

We started to move in the second half

of the 1963 season, and we might have moved earlier but Raymond Berry and Lenny Moore were hurt and that took something out of the offensive. Vogel, Mackey, Hill and Miller started to learn their lessons. Miller led the club in tackles. Mackey was blocking well, and he gave us a deep threat on passes. Hill gave Johnny more protection on passes and he cleared the way for Tom Matte on runs. Vogel was what we needed on the offensive line to give Johnny protection. The rest of the line—Alex Sandusky, George Preas, Jim Parker, Dick Szymanski—were good veterans.

So, coming into the 1964 season, all I was very much worried about was defense. We put in a defense that was, essentially, a combination of the Baltimore and Detroit defenses. We used fewer blitzes than I had used at Detroit because the Detroit secondary had had more experience at playing single coverage, which is a must if you blitz. In Baltimore we decided to mix spot blitzing with regular coverage. I was lucky in having Bill Pellington at middle linebacker; he had played in the league for 11 years and was a great leader, with a tremendous understanding of the game. I think he has been one of the most underrated linebackers in the league. But after we had finished analyzing the defensive potential of the Colts at the beginning of this year, we were forced to recognize the fact that this was not a championship defense. When you analyze most championship teams, you have to conclude that defenses win championships and we needed some shoring up.

Maybe one of the keys to our successful 1964 season was having Bill Arnsparger to work under Winner and coach the defensive line. That happened when Gino said he wanted to retire. I had to hire someone to replace him, and I got Bill from Tulane; he had been an assistant with me at Kentucky. He rounded out what I consider an excellent staff of assistants: Winner, Don McCafferty, John Sandusky and Dick Brehki. Then, as the exhibition season went along, it became pretty clear that we could not survive without the leadership and the pass rush that Gino once gave us from defensive end, and finally Carroll persuaded him to come back as a player for one more year. He came back just before our third exhibition against the Cardinals in St. Louis, and he played a good deal of the game with his tongue hang-

continued

ing out to his knee pads—and he still played better that day than any other defensive end.

For the first three games of the exhibition season I experimented. I made Alex Hawkins captain of the special teams—the teams for punting, kicking off and punt and kickoff returns—and we began to grade them as carefully as we grade our offensive and defensive units. Usually you try to get big men at the point of the wedge on a kickoff-return team to clear the way for the runner, but I decided to go with my best blockers and we wound up with three little guys. But they were three little guys who could block. Hawkins, Jerry Logan and Wendell Harris. One kickoff return I remember Harris knocked down three tacklers. Hitting is contagious, you know. When the little guys blocked, so did everyone else.

I knew we would be able to move the ball in 1964 but I didn't know much about our rookie backs, since Tony Lorrick was at the All-Star camp and I did not get a good look at him. I did know Jerry Hill and Tom Matte had matured during the 1963 season, when our offense had raised its rushing average gain from 3.6 to 4.1 yards per play. So we would have more running than any Colt team of recent years. But work still had to be done on the defense.

When the exhibition season ended I called another team meeting and explained to the club what I hoped we could do. We had been knocked out of the race in 1963 before it started. In 1964 I wanted to get off to a fast start. We had worked hard to get in shape and we felt that we were ready.

The offense was all set. Lenny Moore, who had played out on the flank when he was not injured in 1963, had moved back into a running spot. We had had some doubts about Lenny. There were times when we thought he might prefer to be traded, but I talked to him and he said that he would like to return and play where he was most needed. To get a starting assignment, Lenny knew he would have to run better than Tom Matte, who had taken over the year before and had a fine year.

Jerry Hill was established as our fullback. Although Tony Lorrick had looked good against Pittsburgh in the exhibition game he was still a rookie and I thought he needed more experience. Behind them we had Joe Don Looney, who



LOOSE IN COLTS' SECONDARY, TOMMY MASON HELPS VIKINGS ROLL UP 312 YARDS

we did not know too much about since we had only recently acquired him from the Giants. We only knew he was big and strong and fast and liked to play. We never had any troubles with Joe Don then. When he came to us from the Giants we treated him like any other player—no special attention, no heart-to-heart talks—and he came to practice on time and worked hard. I put him on the special teams, where he would be exposed to their gung-ho attitude, and he was the first guy downfield on kickoffs most of the time. He did not always get the tackle, but he used up a couple of blockers when he didn't so that the ballcarrier was undressed and someone else got the tackle.

When I took over as head coach for the Colts I found out that most defen-

sive lines disregarded the Colt running game and went after Unitas. They could not do that in the second half of the 1963 season, and in the 1964 preseason games I made sure that they understood they could not do it in 1964 either. With strong running, Johnny was getting more time to throw. In the week before the opening game against the Vikings, my feeling was even stronger that the Colt offense was good enough to win a championship.

But I was still not sure that the defense had improved enough. We had made two trades that I thought would help, and Gino had come back to play defensive end but he was only just getting into condition. And Gino was 37 years old. We made a trade with the Pittsburgh

Steelers for Lou Michaels and it turned out to be a fortunate one. Lou could relieve either Gino or Orrell Brasse at defensive end and he gave us a field-goal kicker and a kickoff man, both enormously important for any team looking for a title. Then we got Steve Stonebreaker from the Minnesota Vikings, and Stonebreaker changed our linebackers from good to excellent. Steve did much the same thing for this unit that the three little blockers did for the kickoff-return unit. He created an enthusiasm for hitting. He made mistakes but he made up for them with extraordinary pursuit and hard tackling.

In the defensive line Fred Miller became a top tackle. We used him steadily in 1963 and he got more seasoning in his first year than most young defensive tackles get in two or three. And John Diehl, the man he replaced, came to camp 20 pounds lighter than he had been the year before and much quicker. We traded for Guy Reese, from the Dallas Cowboys, and he played up to the standards we hoped he would.

The defense had not had to adjust much. With a year behind them playing a system not too different from the defense they had used before, the young players—Miller, Logan and Stonebreaker—had gained confidence. I thought we had a good chance.

Then it happened. We were a healthy, enthusiastic football team coming off two good exhibition wins over the Washington Redskins and the Pittsburgh Steelers. We had as much offense as any club in the league and a defense which had been improving steadily. The week before the Viking game the workouts were good and the spirit was good. Everyone was anxious to prove how good we really were.

And we got the hell kicked out of us. The score was 34-24 for the Vikings, but it was much worse than that. We had planned to play a ball-control game, using our strong running to keep possession and throwing sparingly, and the Vikings stopped us cold. Normin Van Brocklin is one of the great young coaches in the business and he picked us apart. When you lose the way we lost that game, everything breaks down. Nothing is good—not the coaching, the execution of plays or the hustle. We were outthought, outthought and completely outplayed.

The score was 31-24 with seven min-

utes and 40 seconds to play. We kicked off to them, and you would expect to get the ball back in that much time. They moved from their own 15 to our 36—mostly on the ground and mostly through broken tackles—and kicked a field goal, and they used up six minutes and 17 seconds doing it.

Something was wrong, but it was hard to tell what. This was the worst tackling I had ever seen on a Colt team, and this was a team that had tackled viciously in the two games before. Whenever we had a receiver in the open, a Viking defensive lineman would knock the ball down. Then our line blocking in protection of Unitas also broke down. The blocking in front of the runners similarly collapsed, and we could not establish our running game.

A day or so later I was on a radio program and someone asked me why I stayed with a game plan that obviously was not going to work. They wanted to know why Johnny was not throwing more to Raymond Berry, among other things. Unitas did not have the time. Often there was double coverage on Berry at other times. And they wondered why I did not use Tony Lorick more as a runner, since Lorick had been sensational against Pittsburgh in the final preseason game. Well, you don't take a chance on rookie backs under the gun in a game like this one. They make mistakes under the best of circumstances and Lorick had not had enough time to learn our offense.

Our defense was as bad as the offense. The Vikings ran for 313 yards against us. When I got back to Baltimore—and it was a long, long trip that night from Minneapolis—I thought, I wonder what Green Bay will do to us? The Packers are the best running club in the league and they had just beaten Chicago. If the Vikings can gain 313 on the ground, what will Green Bay, with a wonderful offensive line and great runners like Jim Taylor, Paul Hornung, Tom Moore and Elijah Pitts, do? I did not know what to expect, but I knew whatever happened would be bad.

You can't panic, though. Our routine the week before the Green Bay game was the same as it is every week during the season. Monday we graded the movies of the Viking game, and the grades were pretty bad. We met at the Colt offices and the defensive coaches went over their half of the movie and

the offensive coaches watched theirs, and no one was very happy. It took us about four hours to get through with that, and then the trainer came in to give us a report on injuries. We were lucky. Usually after a game where you do not play well you have a lot of injuries, because ballplayers get hurt when they are daydreaming or loafing and get hit from the blind side. But we didn't have anything serious.

Dick Bielecki, who scouts for us, gave us a quick rundown on the Packers. He did not cheer us up much. According to Bielecki, this was the same old Green Bay team: great execution, violent blocking and tough tackling. Nothing fancy, but how do you scout blocking and tackling by experts?

He did not give us a detailed report because we would take all their plays and their defenses off film. We looked at movies of the Packers in action against the Browns in a doubleheader at Cleveland. We split up into offensive and defensive staffs and took every play off that film, analyzing everything the Packers had done. When we got through with that we looked at films of the two games we had played against the Packers in 1963.

Monday is a long day for the coaches, and a day off for the players. When I went home that Monday night I thought for hours about what had happened to us against the Vikings. I have been in football for 17 years now, as a player and a coach, and at one time I thought I could tell when a team was mentally prepared for a game. But the week before the Viking game I had thought that we were as prepared as any team could be, mentally and physically. The players were up and excited and confident.

Then we got slaughtered. I knew that in the week ahead we would have to overcome a tremendous letdown. I thought about the game plan for the Packers, but that didn't help me sleep. When any coach goes over the packer personnel, it gives him insomnia. I was no exception.

NEXT WEEK

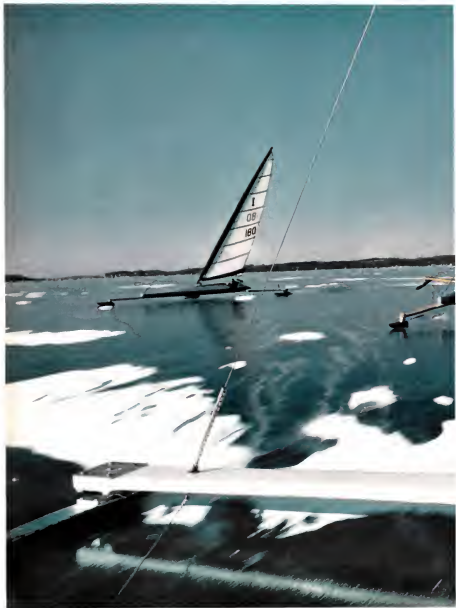
Baltimore's march to the Western title was to hinge on the Packer game—one the Colts had to win. Don Shula tells how they did it, how this victory came on two plays—one by the Colt offense and one (a blunder) by the usually alert Packer offense.

CHILLY HOT-RODDING ON THE ICE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

One sail on an iceboat, say those who have tried it, and you are hooked for life. This means, in all likelihood, that Joe Norton, the 16-year-old shown opposite, will spend the rest of his years skidding across frozen lakes at speeds of 50 to 100 mph or more. Iceboating is probably as old as sailboating, but the advent of Dacron sails and space-age metals has given it a new spurt. Today there are more than 3,000 iceboats waiting only for a hard freeze to screech out into lung-searing cold on lakes from New Jersey to Wisconsin. Iceboat classes range from huge two-man A boats, which are 56 feet long, 32 feet across and spread 650 square feet of sail, to the smaller catboat-rigged DN60s, such as that sailed by Joe Norton. The enthusiastic iceboaters who sail them (following pages) number among them many topflight waterborne sailormen like Olympian Harry (Bud) Melges and at least one topflight sailorwoman.





Leading two rivals, Bill Perrigo whips across Green Lake at a mile a minute.





On Lake Geneva, George Happ fights a sub-zero wind with goggles and hood.





As night and numbing cold close in, skippers turn their boats homeward.





Eva Gabor's smile
by Van Cleef & Arpels,
gown by Eric Lund

"Darling, have you discovered Masterpiece pipe tobacco?
The most exciting men I know are smoking it!"

"Masterpiece pipe tobacco is so man-of-the-world," says Eva Gabor. "And so masculine!" Now, in one master blend, the five great pipe tobaccos of the world — Latakia, Perique, Virginia, Turkish, Burley. Discover Masterpiece!

Twin-Seal Humidor, 16 oz., or Roll-up Polyrams® pouch imported from Denmark, 2 oz.



LADY OF THE FROZEN LAKES

Mrs. Robert Pegel of Chicago and Williams Bay, Wis., looks and talks like a comfortable Midwest housewife, and one might reasonably guess that her favorite sport is baking apple strudel. But if Jane Pegel ever finds time to bake a strudel it will be in the dark of night when there's no wind on the water and no ice on the lake, for at any other time, summer or winter, Jane is sure to be out sailing. In summers she sails an M-16 Scow and has twice (in 1957 and 1964) proved herself the best sailorman in North America. In winters she takes the helm of her own DN60 class iceboat, *Columbi Jaws*, and outsails most of the men on Wisconsin's frozen lakes.

Jane, whose husband makes sails for both scows and iceboats, is one of the very few women with sufficient nerve and skill to sail an iceboat, but her love for the sport is easily explained. She grew up on the edge of Williams Bay practically slap on the spot where the first Class E Skeeter was built in 1933. The Skeeter is the fastest and hairiest of all iceboats. It is limited only in sail area—75 square feet—and, beyond that, it can take any form the designer chooses. Sailing a Skeeter requires a cool head, an iron arm and steely nerves, and this is the boat that Jane Pegel learned on. Even small iceboats move along at speeds well above 50 miles per hour, and a Skeeter will go 80 to 100 or even more. In iceboat sailing the blink of an eye at the wrong time can lead to a shattering pileup and terrible injury. "But in all these years of racing," Jane said recently, "I've never had a bad spill."

In 1957 Jane forsook the big Skeeters for a smaller class—the 12-foot DNs sponsored by the *Detroit News*—and won her first class championship in 1960. She won again in 1963. Last year she returned briefly to an old love and spun off a few races in a Skeeter. "Oh man," said Jane. "I forgot how fast they are." To prove she could sail a Skeeter with any man, Jane, who wraps her legs around the fuselage and rides her boat downwind like a bucking bronco, took a second and third, which is something like Betsy Rawls beating Jack Nicklaus and Tony Leoni and finishing just behind Arnie Palmer.

Boatbuilder and Olympic Sailor (Flying Dutchman) Buddy Melges, himself an avid iceboater, has followed Jane's sailing fortunes for years and attributes her success largely to her knowledge of iceboat tuning. In fast-moving iceboats subtle differences in rig can make enormous differences in speed, and Jane is an expert at flipping her rig to get a properly set sail and aligning her runners to draw the most out of them.

As if sailing were not enough, Jane takes on a big burden of administration. She is a director of the National Ice Boat Authority, secretary of the International Skeeter Association, past commodore of the DN class and a member of the Adams Cup Committee. Like all iceboaters, Jane stays

close to home throughout the winter, in case a lake reachable by car and trailer has a surface hard and smooth enough for good racing. This may be anywhere from upper Wisconsin to upper Michigan. There is an advisory telephone service in Chicago that keeps the iceboat sailors informed. As early as Wednesday, Jane calls this number to find out if there will be racing on Friday, Saturday or Sunday. A Thursday deadline is set for Saturday or Sunday racing.



Often the competitors get to the chosen spot only to find the weather has closed in, canceling the racing. "Sometimes you go," grins Jane. "sometimes you don't." Weekend after weekend, from December 15 to March 15, this uncertainty lasts, and no other plans can be made since a fixed number of races must be sailed in that period. When there are holes in the ice or too much snow or wind Jane sometimes abandons sailing for skiing, but her heart is never really in such humdrum sport. "One day of iceboating," says Jane Pegel, "and you're ready to burn your skin."

HELEN WHEELER



SPORT MOVES UNDER A BIG TOP



Handsome domed structures are springing up on campus like plastic mushrooms, replacing the ill-lit barns that once functioned as field houses and gymnasiums. Above: the Harvard tennis team practices in the evening under the 40-foot-high blue vinyl sky of a \$250,000 dome. It has three clay courts, is in use night and day, summer and winter.

CONTINUED

TWO TRANSLUCENT BUBBLES at the coed Forman School, Litchfield, Conn., can be rigged up for bad weather by the students in a couple of hours. They are inflated and held aloft by a pair of 1½-horsepower fans. The bubble seen at night, with the shadows of trees visible through the vinyl-coated nylon, covers an Olympic swimming pool, and the one below, a tennis court with a surface of vinyl grass stuck to an asphalt base. After 13 months' hard play (it is used for volleyball, badminton and basketball, too) it shows no signs of wear. A bubble-covered tennis court costs around \$25,000, including \$10,000 for the nylon fabric and portable grass at \$1.20 a square foot. Forman is planning a third bubble, four times as big, to cover a 220-by-115-foot hockey rink.



CONTINUED







ASYMMETRICAL GYMNASIUM building at Carleton College in Northfield, Mass., is the ingenious creation of controversial Architect Minoru Yamasaki. The thin shelled roof—called the potato chip top by the unconverted—is reinforced concrete and the walls are faced with beige brick (right). Vaults of poured concrete span a two-story gymnasium measuring 249 feet by 172 and, in a separate section, an indoor swimming pool with seats for 300. The gymnasium proper (shown at left with wrestling in progress) has wooden bleachers seating 1,800 and a bouncy floor cushioned by thousands of two-inch square rubber sponges. The bleachers fold away and there are two basketball courts. The entire structure cost \$11 million.

CONTINUED



PRESTRESSED CONCRETE has proved a major substance in the hands of Pier Luigi Nervi, who designed the lively circular sports palaces at the Rome Olympics. His special use of the material is admirably adapted to the needs of sports stadiums and field houses. For Dartmouth College in New Hampshire, Nervi designed a rectangular field house 62 feet high and almost as big as two football fields. It has a huge dirt floor practice area for baseball and football, separate space for lacrosse practice and golf driving nets, a removable 11-lap board track for indoor track meets and seating for 3,500. At right: Half back Tom Spangenberg is kicking for the ribs of Nervi's \$1.5 million concrete umbrella.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW J. HARRIS





If **Bing Crosby** and **John Raitt** meet during the upcoming Crosby golf tournament, Raitt plans to keep his eye on Bing as well as the ball. Seems the last time the two bantones played a tournament match on the Coast, Der Bingle substituted a smoke ball for the real one, and presto, John's first drive sailed off in a puff of white. His second went out of bounds, and he just quit.

When baseball wheeler-dealer **Frank Lane** agreed back in 1961 to become general manager of the Kansas City Athletics, part of his payment was a \$13,300 Mercedes-Benz 300 SL. After Athletic Owner **Charles Finley** fired him months later, Lane kept the keys to the car, and Finley kept the title. The car has languished in a St. Petersburg garage ever since. Now **Joe Brown**, general manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, has resolved the impasse in a three-team, straight-cash deal. Brown purchased the keys to the car from Lane, the title from Finley. No players were involved.

Youthful **Jutta Heine** (below), Germany's swiftest and prettiest Olympic sprinter, is still burning up a track—but on four legs in-

stead of two. Silently steering a skaly behind a smooth-stepping trotter, Jutta trains regularly at the Dinslaken track to qualify for her amateur harness driver's license. She hopes to begin competing in March.

Just a week after the Duchess of Gloucester reactivated a fine old royal tradition by falling off a horse, the **Prince of Wales** reclaimed the royal tumbling trophy. Being a new Prince of Wales, young Charles updated Uncle Edward's avocation, falling off a ski lift instead of a horse. The very next day, on his first run of the morning, Charles crashed into a group of photographers who had rushed into his path. Extricating himself from a pile of cameramen, the Prince was said to look annoyed. Then, on one of his next attempts, Prince Charles hit a mogul, fell and broke a ski. This time he picked himself up, smiled and said, "It doesn't matter. I can get a new pair." One would think so.

That balding gent being sworn in as new sheriff of Greene County in Springfield, Mo., was **Arnold (Mickey) Owen**, one-time Brooklyn Dodger. Mickey was a good catcher in Brooklyn, and there seems no reason he shouldn't be a good crook catcher in Missouri. It seems only fair, however, to warn the citizens of Greene County that Owen has a history of letting the really big one get away.

Pretty, red-haired **Tracy Ingram**, **Miss Great Britain**, was in New Orleans but not quite sure why. "It's something to do with football, I think," she said, knitting her eyebrows. When all attempts to explain the importance of the LSU-Syracuse Sugar Bowl game failed, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul A. B. Ball—hoping to put Miss Ingram on more familiar ground—invited Tracy to "stay over for the Sesquicentennial." "The what?" asked Tracy. "It's the celebra-

tion of the 150th anniversary of the last conflict between British and American soldiers," Ball explained. "We lost, I understand."

His hair now as white as the Swiss Alpine snow, **Charlie Chaplin**, 75 (below), still radiates comic ineffectuality. Shod in something looking suspiciously like sneakers, Charlie trotted out of his chalet at Crans sur Sierre, fashioned a mishapen snowball, then hurled the missile as awkwardly as anyone since Charlie Brown. Even 39-year-old wife **Dona**'s coaching didn't seem to help.

Minutes after St. John's had beaten Michigan in the holiday basketball festival at Madison Square Garden last week, team star **Ken McIntyre**, a summertime surfing expert, was discussing other surfers he has known. Like accused jewel thief **Jack (Meef the Surf) Murphy**. "He really is a surfer, you know," said McIntyre. "I've been surfing with him in Hawaii, and he's pretty good."

Cleveland Quamback **Frank Ryan** has almost completed his doctoral dissertation in math-

at Rice University but admits to a mental block when it comes to titles. "All I can describe now is the field it deals with generally," says Ryan. "Asymptotic sets of functions, holomorphs, in the unit circle."

New astronaut Captain **Charles Bassett** hunted deer up and down the hills of central Texas. On their very first deer-hunting trip Bassett and his wife **Jean** each bagged a 10-point buck.

According to former University of California Crew Coach **Ky Ebright**, the rivalry that exists between California and Stanford stretches clear across the Pacific. As a U.S. Olympic Rowing Committee member in Tokyo, Ebright was much impressed last fall by the rows of chrysanthemums stretching the entire length of the Olympic course. An amateur horticulturalist himself, he sought out the head gardener to ask about one bunch of bloom. "I have chrysanthemums in my backyard at Berkeley," Ky told the Japanese. "But they don't have the size and color of these. How do you do it?" "Sir," replied the gardener in impeccable English, "I am a Stanford graduate. I regret I cannot help you."



Make your putter suit your game

It is generally agreed that a heavy putter is more effective on slow greens, such as the Bermuda grass of the South, and that a light one is better on the fast bent-grass greens often encountered in the North. Unfortunately, this theory has led a great many golfers who play a variety of courses to conclude that they should carry both a light and a heavy putter and switch according to the speed of the greens. This is something I advise against. It is difficult enough to adjust to an unfamiliar putting surface without also having to adjust to a change in putters as well. When I first joined the pro tour I used the light blade putter that I had found so effective on the bent-grass greens of the kind of courses that most major amateur tournaments are played on. But it was out of my bag for good after five weeks because it seemed that no two courses on the pro tour had putting surfaces of the same speed. I made a successful switch to a blade putter that is built up to medium weight by having a thick flange on the back of the head, and that is the only putter I use. By all means use a light putter if you play only fast greens and a heavy-headed one if you consistently play on slow greens. But if you are a golfer who travels a lot and you like to play on many different types of courses, I suggest you find yourself a medium-weight putter and stick with it.

FRANZIS GOLDER

A blade putter (left) is best for fast greens, while a heavy putter is best for slow greens. The putter that Nicklaus uses (right) is a combination of the two styles.

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JOHN H. BROWN



THE BIG ITCH THEY CALL LITTLE JOHN

John Mecum Jr. is the man's name, and the big itch is his game. What Mecum itches to do is build the best racing cars in America, and he is daring Detroit to stop him. He also itches to turn his family's Texas ranch into a land-based Noah's Ark, stocked with live specimens of every sort of African wildlife. The U.S. Government is proving a bit sticky about this project, but Mecum (shown here in his trophy-filled command post) is certain that he ultimately will get what he is after.

BY JACK OLSEN

CONTINUED

Nothing is more irritating than other people's possessions. The man next door may be the best friend you have in the world, but when he shows up one evening driving a new Mercedes 230-SL and beeps the two-toned horn and gives you that cavalier wave of the gloved hand, you could bust that rat-fink right in the mouth.

If this be true, then the most irritating single American has to be a fullback-sized, blandly handsome young Texan named John Mecom Jr., known to his friends as "Little John" to differentiate him from his father, who at 6 feet 2 and 225 pounds is just a size larger. Anything you can buy, Little John can buy better. You say you just bought a TR-4 with wire wheels and a windshield washer? Little John has 15 cars. Ferraris, a Lotus, a Scarab, a Lola, several De Tomaso racers, Corvettes, Mustangs, Fuits, half-tracks, full-tracks, jeeps and an Amphicar that he can drive across rivers. You say you just bought a Cessna with a retractable landing gear and a supercharger? The Mecom has a four-engined Viscount turboprop, a Conqair, a vintage B-23, helicopters, seaplanes and light planes for a grand total of 10. You say you splurged and made a down payment on that summer place in Vermont? Little John's family has

two ranches in Colorado, 780,000 acres in Louisiana on the Gulf of Mexico, a lavish layout with asphalt landing strip on the Mexican border in Laredo, Texas, several mansions in Houston, three hotels and a permanent suite at the Waldorf Towers in New York City. You say you went to Wyoming last year and shot an elk? Little John, at the tottering age of 25, has all but retired from hunting because he has taken every specimen of African big game except the bongo and the rhino and potting animals is beginning to pull on him. Little John has 75 pets, including lions, zebras, lesser kudus, ostriches, llamas and pussycats. He also has a beautiful (and wealthy) wife, a string of racehorses and polo ponies, a fleet of boats including the *Little John* (200 feet), a collection of rare guns numbering upward of 300, a home in the snooty River Oaks section of Houston and a wardrobe so tasteful and natty that he seems to think it a cardinal sin to appear more than once in any given outfit and frequently changes clothes three or four times a day just for the hell of it.

In a word, John Mecom Jr. is loaded. He is the realization of everyman's ambition times 1,000. The family fortune runs in the pleasant neighborhood of \$200 million, and each year more millions come seeping out of the Mecom oil wells, the Mecom hotels, the Mecom plastics company, the Mecom natural gas pipeline, the Mecom chemical plant and other diversified Mecom interests.

But "great wealth and content seldom live together," as Thomas Fuller observed to the vast satisfaction of those of us who have to take his word for it. Do "great wealth and content" live together in young John Mecom? Happily for the worlds of competition and conservation, they do not. It is true that Little John has his gratifications: banging away at bobcats and coyotes with a Thompson submachine gun from the top of a half-track, slipping over to Botswana and for a go at the elephants, leading his automobile racing team to Nassau and Elkhart Lake, flying off to Jordan for a powwow with the king, galloping toward the goal on his polo pony or simply relaxing at home with his wife, Katsy, and his 15-month-old son, John III.

But he also has his inner doubts and frustrations, his angers and drives. There are problems that keep Little John lying awake at night, even as you and I and Ralph Kramden, and there are purposes and goals in his life, as well as setbacks and defeats that bedevil him. At the moment, for example, he is annoyed at General Motors and the Ford Motor Co., two organizations to which most of us can merely say, "Yes, sir," "No, sir," and "No excuse, sir." He is fighting them on all fronts and, as befits a man with \$200 million behind him, he is not afraid to say so. He has his own miniature Viet Cong going against the U.S. Departments of Agriculture and the Interior. He is tilting at certain sports car powers whom he accuses of sleazy, sneaky practices. And he is enraged at the slaughter of animals and species now taking place in the emerging nations of Africa. To all of these annoyances and angers he is bringing his



Between races Mecom supervises strip-down overhaul of his upcoming new sports car, the *Hustler*, named after the King of Jordan.

prodigious hankroll and his equally prodigious energies. Thus he takes his place as a new type of rich young American: one who engages in conspicuous consumption and at the same time engages in conspicuous action.

Little John is, however, a businessman first. He knows where the money comes from, and he reckons his primary job is to make it. "He puts a good business deal together," says a longtime observer of the Mecoms, "Little John knows what trees make shingles." The family's original money came from John Sr., who borrowed \$700 from his mother as a young man, put down an oil well and hit. With this well as a starter, and a solid geological education as a foundation, John Sr. began drilling on the outer edges of areas regarded as used up by other drillers. By going deeper (he has drilled to 22,570 feet, a world record), Mecom Sr. found producing wells where others had abandoned dry holes and moved on. Now he is one of the half dozen richest independent operators in the world.

From Little John's early teens, he has found himself a full partner in the family enterprises. At 15, he was the courier who carried a sackful of promissory notes and liens and title searches from New York to Louisiana and back to New York, to consummate the 780,000-acre land purchase along the Gulf Coast. In one of his college years he made 18 Atlantic crossings, and nowadays he is likely to spend as much time out of the country as it is, working on deals in places like Beirut and Jerusalem. He does not suffer the classical rich boy's problem of feeling worthless and guilty over using his father's money; he has been too busy helping his father earn the money for the last 10 years. "There's never a business deal that goes on that Little John doesn't sit in on," says close associate Bill Smyth, "whether it's in Yemen or Afghanistan or wherever. This boy has been putting together international contracts since he was in high school."

The business pace of the clan Mecom may be seen in the fact that every Mecom airplane is refueled instantly when it lands: the Mecoms *père et fils* frequently land in a strange city, conduct their business in a few hours and then take off for another city and another deal before the pilot's lunch break is over. "When you work for Mecom," says Smyth, "you carry your toothbrush and your passport at all times."

Somehow Little John manages to find time and energy for sporting interests that would take the full attention of a lesser man. Three years ago he started an automobile racing team while hard-footed veteran racers stood around and guffawed; they had seen many another rich young man lose his tuxedo trying to put together a winner. A little over a year went by, and the Mecom Racing Team took its blue-and-white cars to Nassau's Speed Week and won the top three events, a feat never accomplished before. Mecom cars have since won such races as the Bridgehampton and Elkhart Lake 500s. Nowadays the Mecom team is regarded as one of the top three teams in the country, along with Carroll Shelby of Venice, Calif. (Cobra-Fords) and Jim Hall of Midland, Texas (Chevrolet-powered Chaparrals).



The Ferrari has displayed astonishing speed but also has serious bugs. It ran briefly with the leaders at Nassau (above) and Riverside.

Little John's interest in speed dates back 10 years to the Chevrolet Corvette he owned when he was 15. He used to take it down to an abandoned blimp base in Hitchcock, Texas and open it up on the 4,000-foot runway, a practice which no one could complain about: the Mecoms owned the blimp base. When he was 20, Little John entered a few races and hill climbs and brought the wrath of the elder Mecom down on him. "I was racing Jaguar XK-150s," Little John recalls ruefully, "and a couple of people were banged up in one of the races. Of course, I've seen the same things happen playing polo and football. These are the chances you take in competition. Hell, the ceiling could fall in on us right now. But when my father found out and said nothing doing, I quit. That's all there was to it. I don't blame him." The paternal attitude was that Little John, as the only male heir (he has two sisters), was too valuable a commodity to risk being splattered all over a racecourse while trying to win a genuine simulated silver trophy worth \$11.50.

Thus frustrated, Little John hired Roger Penske to drive for him, and in its first race, in 1962, the Mecom-Penske combination ran into some rare racing luck. As Little John explains it: "I bought this Ferrari Grand Touring car for Roger to drive at Nassau in the Bahamas Tourist Trophy Race, and the Ferrari factory gave us the wrong car. They gave us a factory car, and it had been prepared for racing at the factory in Italy. Now, it's usually impossible to get hold of a good racing car from Ferrari if they know the car is gonna be used to race against them. Their factory cars are always tuned a little better than their customers' cars."

"But we were lucky and got one. The night before the race they realized what had happened and they tried to get the car back. We stayed up till 2 o'clock in the morning arguing with them, and finally they said that my check hadn't cleared the bank yet, so the car wasn't mine. But I

continued

knew the check had cleared; so we kept the car. Roger did three warmup laps in it and won the race and set a record."

After that success, Little John bought Lance Reventlow's Scarab, installed A. J. Foyt behind the wheel and entered a sports car race at Riverside, Calif. Fuel problems forced the Scarab out, but in its next race at Laguna Seca it took a second, followed by fiests at Nassau and Daytona Beach. The Mecom racing team was off and cornering



Mecom's first big win: Katherine Reventlow with Little John and the Scarab racing 1966 American and African wildlife through a large off-road.

John Jr.'s attitude toward racing was expressed early and often to his crews and his drivers. As he restated it recently: "There used to be a romantic thing about sports car racing, back in the old days. They used to say, 'Maybe we'll win and maybe we'll lose, but nevertheless we'll have our champagne afterward.' There was romance and glory and things like that. We don't see it quite that way. We say don't go into it unless you can stay in it and put on a good effort to win. We feel pretty damned sure that by the time our cars leave our shop, we will win the race, barring

the human element. We'd never go to a race otherwise. I don't think there's been a race yet where our cars haven't at least led. And when one of our cars drops back to second or third, either because some other car is faster or because of mechanical problems, I sometimes just pull the car out. Second or third is not what we came after. We're not in it for the romance and we're not in it for the money. We're in it to win."

At the same time, Little John keeps a balance sheet and has no intention of dumping any important increment of the family money into racing. "I learned by the example of Briggs Cunningham and Lance Reventlow," he explains. "They spent a lot of time and money and effort in racing, but the goals they were after they sure went about in a strange way: by not keeping touch with what was being spent and what was being taken in. We run on a budget, and if we never make a nickel, at least we make every effort to cut costs. We get prize money and accessory money. Right now I'm trying to negotiate a deal with Chrysler, and if that goes through we'll be cutting costs way down."

The Mecom racing team currently runs on a budget of about a quarter of a million dollars a year, and takes in about a third of that. Still, Little John figures he is ahead of the Reventlow and Cunningham balance sheets. "In three years of operation," Mecom says, "Lance spent \$5 million. Whatever any promoter suggested to him, Lance'd say, 'Go ahead, do this job, do that job.' I like Lance an awful lot, but I guess he was trying to impress Hollywood and he just wound up spending an awful lot of money. Briggs Cunningham at least tried to make a business out of it. But he spent a hell of a lot of money too, and he's such a nice guy that he didn't realize that a lot of people working for him were working against him. I could name you two big car factories that had men on Briggs's payroll. This mechanic wouldn't put a wheel on tight enough and that mechanic would do something else wrong."

Not that Mecom doesn't encounter the same problem. "John Kalb [his racing team manager] and I have had to fight hard to keep our personnel straight. We've had the hangers-on that were really working for others. We've even had a driver who was on somebody else's payroll. In one race, one of my drivers made a deal with another guy to hold back my best driver and keep him from winning. People think that sports car racing is so sporting; they just don't realize what's going on. We've even had people come out to the shop at 11 o'clock at night and jump the fence to snoop around and see what we were up to. And we've had 'em come around in the daytime with Polaroid cameras to sneak pictures."

Much of Little John's fierce drive to win is aimed nowadays at Chevrolet and Ford, especially Ford, and for reasons that are not entirely clear. For a time, the Mecom cars raced almost exclusively with Chevrolet engines (a few still do). "I stuck with them for a while," Little John says bitterly, "but it became a political thing, a question of whose foot are you gonna kiss. And I don't like things

Last year sure went fast for Plymouth.



Plymouth sweeps victory after victory on stock car and drag circuits:

Feb. 23: Plymouth rocks racing world with 1, 2, 3 win at '64 Daytona "500." Three specially modified Plymouths scorched the field at the Daytona International Speedway. Richard Petty won—with a 500-mile average of 154.934 mph!

Sept. 27: Petty wins '64 NASCAR Championship. Win after win in his modified electric-blue Plymouth brought Richard Petty the 1964 Grand National Point Championship of the National Association of Stock Car Racing.

May 24: 1, 2 at the "World 600." Jim Paschal and Richard Petty, both driving modified Plymouths, pulled first and second places respectively at the Charlotte, N.C., race, the world's longest NASCAR-sanctioned stock car race.

Oct. 28: Plymouth cracks the 200 mph barrier. Plymouth is the first production stock body car to break the 200 mph barrier. A 67-year-old grandfather, Norman Thatcher, drove a specially modified Plymouth to a top speed of 205.55 mph.

Nov. 9: '65 Plymouth Fury named 1965 Indianapolis "500" Pace Car. Tony Hulman, President, Indianapolis Speedway, said: "Plymouth has earned such recognition for its engineering, styling, and excellent showing in stock car competition."

Oct. 25: Barracuda wins 250-mile Rallye first time out! Scott Harvey took his Rallye-modified Plymouth Barracuda out for the first time to run the SCCA 1964 "Indian Summer" Rallye. He came in first. 44 others didn't.

Feb. 9-16: Plymouth drivers win hot rod Stock Eliminator titles. Drivers of specially prepared Plymouth Super Stock 426's won the title of Mr. Stock Eliminator in the Winternationals of both the National and American Hot Rod Associations.

Rallye driver Championship of SCCA. Scott Harvey, having driven a specially equipped 1964 Valiant V-8 sedan to many successes in national rallies sanctioned by the Sports Car Club of America, will be named SCCA Champion Driver in Feb.

Racing officials clocked some fast moves by competition-equipped racing Plymouths last year. This year, we're planning more of the same. Even so, there's no need to buy a racing helmet before you drop by your nearby Plymouth Dealer's. You don't have to break a hundred mph to dig the feel of a showroom Plymouth in your hands.

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like that. Now General Motors is saying that it's not involved in sports car racing, but I know that Chevrolet is helping Jim Hall and his Chaparrals [big winner at Nassau this year], and he's doing a damned good job for them. We tried to do a good job for them, too, and we spent our own damned money and we never asked them for one bit of financial help. Last year at Nassau it cost us \$38,000 to race Corvettes that we'd never seen till we bought 'em from Chevrolet. They got all the publicity and they had a big increase in Corvette sales as a result. But do you think they'd say thank you for this? Do you think they'd say thanks to us for proving out the Lola Grand Touring car that beat the Ford Grand Touring car?

"We put a Chevrolet engine in one of our new cars, and then I began to realize that the help we were supposed to be getting from General Motors was going somewhere else. A lot of people thought General Motors was sponsoring us, and they have yet to pay us one nickel. We did our own

research and they got the benefit of it. They gave us one engine that I could have gone down to the corner store and bought for \$500, and that's all."

Little John flatly refused to talk about his imbroglio with Ford, but his intimates give one version of how the affair ended. "We'd won a few races with Chevy engines," a close friend explains, "and Ford put out feelers. They said how would you like to use Ford engines instead of Chevy engines? So we went up to Milwaukee the night before a race, and there was some brass from Ford standing around. One of their guys had had a few drinks and he didn't catch Little John's name and he made a few disparaging remarks about that rich blinking Texan and a few other remarks, and Little John was standing right next to him."

"Well, that problem was patched up, but then there were others. They sent John an engine to try out and by mistake they sent him a bill. That didn't make him too happy. And soon he got disgusted and cut the whole thing off."

Not every red-blooded American lad can take on the Ford Motor Co. (assets: \$6.35 billion), but Little John is having a go at it. Not only is he chasing Ford on the race-tracks, but he is building a powerboat for the sole purpose of ending Ford's dominance in the Miami-Nassau Race. "All this is competition for Ford," Little John says, "and they ought to like it. The more competition we give Ford, the more they'll work. Look what happened to General Motors. Heck, they had some fine racing material and Ford came out with a little better racing material and General Motors held back waiting for the Fords to fall apart. Well, they didn't fall apart, so all of a sudden GM had to get to work in racing. Now I think they've caught up."

Having returned the engagement rings of two of the Big Three in the automobile industry, Mecum currently is holding hands with the third. He has built a flashy new sports car named the Hussein (after the King of Jordan, where the Mecums have oil interests), and powered it with a 500-hp Chrysler "Hemi" engine, by far the most powerful engine on the sports car circuit. He is dickering with Chrysler for free engines (worth about \$68,000 a year to the team) and already has taken delivery on one.

The radically designed blue Hussein, driven for Mecum by A. J. Foyt, has yet to win in three starts, but it has had all of racing's entrepreneurs standing on tippy-toe watching. "We're not discouraged in the slightest," says Little John. "It always takes a half dozen races to sort a car out, and the Hussein is coming along fine." The first predictions about the car were that it would disintegrate when Foyt applied 500 hp to 1,600 pounds of car. Says Team Manager John Kalb: "People said all sorts of things when we wheeled it out for the first races: that we wouldn't be able to stop it, that it would become airborne, that the gearbox would be ripped apart by the torque, that there was too much weight in the back and it would hang out on a corner and keep right on going, and the car just generally wouldn't handle. Well, the car has handled fine so far, it's little things like curburetion problems that have been bothering us. When

continued



Hunting predators at Lorelei, Mecum and friends ride exotic creature as a half track. Mecum often blazes away at targets with a Tommy gun.

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How to put a story in a box

Television has created the need for a new kind of newsman. In some smaller stations, he must handle a camera, write his story and appear on the air.

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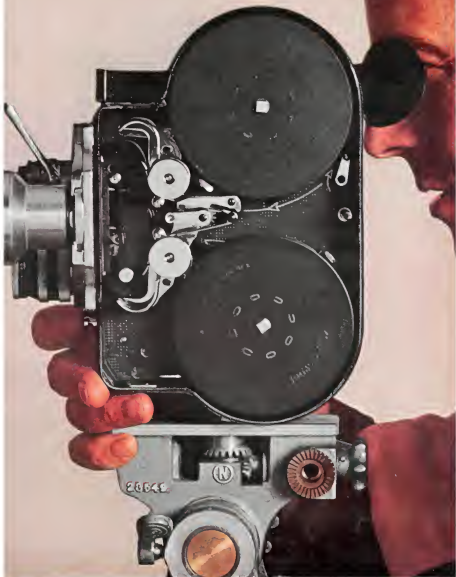
More than 200 newsmen from all over the country attended. Experts discussed every aspect of the field from the importance of a steady hand to editing and writing of commentary.

Out of that conference has come a book, *Manual of Newfilm Standards*. It is available in deluxe or paperback through RTNDA or TIME-LIFE Broadcast, N.Y.

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the car's been on the course, it's passed everybody. Jimmy Clark said he'd never been passed so fast in his life as he was by the Hussein. And it leaves such a turbulence behind it that nobody can tailgate on it. We figure the car'll do 220 flat out, but that's more speed than we'd ever need and probably more than anybody could handle, even A. J."

Little John's ambition of the moment is to take the bugs out of the Hussein and clobber Ford- and Chevy-powered cars on the sports car circuit, and then put the Hussein into limited production: "Six or eight a year at \$15,000 to \$18,000 each," he says. That would move the Mecum Racing Team into the black and enable young Mecum to turn his attention to another of his vendettas, and a more benevolent one: the preservation and improvement of the vanishing species of world game. Little John's interest in wildlife goes back to childhood, when he raised, among other animals, cheetahs, ocelots, a jaguar and a sea lion, and not without incident. One New Year's Eve his ocelot got loose and strolled into a house where a party was in full swing. The man of the house grabbed a shotgun and fired five shots at the friendly animal, missing every time but creating some interesting avant-garde patterns in the woodwork.

A few years ago Little John installed a sea lion in the family's backyard swimming pool, to the consternation of the richly conservative River Oaks section of Houston. The Mecum Jr. home abuts on a country club, and one morning the manager was driving to work when he spotted the sea lion slurping across the sidewalk. Says John: "The poor guy, he calls the police and he says, 'There's a seal lost here!' And the police said, 'Yes, sir, now you go and have a cup of coffee and call us back and tell us about it.'" After a few such jolly confusions, Little John exiled the sea lion to the family ranch on the Rio Grande. The animal was content for three weeks, but then he slipped away from the pool and headed across Highway 83 toward the river. "There was a Greyhound bus coming and the driver stopped and everybody got out and looked at this interesting specimen of south Texas wildlife," Little John recalls with glee. "Then Napoleon—that was his name—he went across the road and he was last seen swimming upstream in the river. I imagine he's confused a couple of wetbacks since then, and maybe a few border patrolmen, too."

On one of his five safaris to Africa, Little John met Major Evelyn Temple-Boreham, the famous game warden of Kenya, and listened sympathetically to Temple-Boreham's description of the slaughter of tens of thousands of African animals by poachers. "So I got the idea of capturing specimens of all the game there and bringing them to the United States and breeding them," he recalls. "That was three years ago, and we went right to work, but we ran smack into the old, antiquated laws and the Departments of Agriculture and the Interior. We even hired lawyers to fight the case, and we're still fighting."

What Mecum ran into was the quarantine laws, aimed at keeping American species pure and uncontaminated. Under these laws, some of them predating the 1900s, ani-

mals brought in from Africa must be kept in quarantine for at least 60 days in Africa, then another 30 days in Government pens in Clifton, N.J., at a largely prohibitive cost. "And even if we complied with all that," Mecum says, "the animals would have to be kept in closely confined shelters. They wouldn't be allowed to run free on our ranch."

To get around the problem, young Mecum took advantage of a loophole in the law: that an animal born in the U.S. is a sort of "native-born American" and may go anywhere, so long as he has the fare. Now Little John buys animals in foreign countries, puts them through the quarantine period, gives them to zoos and, in return, collects their American-born offspring. These are released on a 5,000-acre refuge on the family's Laredo ranch to the eternal puzzlement of their American brothers-under-the-fur: bobcats, whitetail deer, red wolves, jackrabbits, cottontails and coyotes, who are not used to mixing with zebras, oryxes, llamas and impalas. One venerable joker at the ranch swears he heard a coyote tell a friend of his: "Five'll get you 10 there's a horse over there in striped pajamas."

Beautiful friendships have sprung up among the exotic animals, the most touching of which is between a lesser kudu and a wildebeest that are inseparable; the kudu runs like a kudu when other kudus approach, and the wildebeest is scared to death of the other wildebeests. "I think I've got it doped out," says Little John. "The two of them were shipped here together, and they've never seen a mirror; so I'm sure that the kudu thinks he's a wildebeest and vice versa. Anyway, they're great pals, and you can't pry them apart."

Whatever the original misgivings of surrounding ranchers and the various departments of the federal establishment, young Mecum's terrestrial ark is working: in more than a year of operation there have been no diseases, few unnatural deaths and no escapes. The total herd has grown to 75 and includes animals from Africa, Europe, Asia and North and South America.

John Jr. has set no limits on the refuge. "We're prepared to double the size to 10,000 acres and take in any animals from any part of the world," he says. "If you asked me what my ultimate ambition is, it would be to have every species of game in the world living here and reproducing. I can even see the day when animals from our ranch would be used to replenish species that have been wiped out in other places. I know that sounds ambitious, but I always try to make my ideas work out. I mean this all seriously."

Indeed, he does, and down around Houston you will find nobody who laughs at Little John's ideas, whether vehicular, zoological or otherwise. As a close friend of the family sums it up: "If Little John woke up and announced one morning that he was gonna dig a great big lake and stock it with mermaids, you know what everybody'd do? They'd go out and buy binoculars." To date, John Mecum Jr. has announced no such plans. But if you go to Houston and somebody offers you a good buy on a pair of binoculars, don't pass it up.

END

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PROVIDENCE (8-0)
2. ST. JOSEPH'S (7-2) 3. ST. JOSEPH'S (6-0)

Those outsiders who have been downgrading eastern basketball in recent years had better take another look. Item: No. 1-ranked Michigan came into New York for the Holiday Festival and, after narrowly avertng a defeat by Princeton and its fabulous Bill Bradley, the muscular Wolverines fell to St. Joe's 75-74 (page 18). Item: No. 2-ranked Wichita State was similarly humbled by St. Joseph's 76-69 in the Quaker City tournament at Philadelphia.

St. Joe's, a hustling team that fits in and out of a variety of zone and combination defenses at the drop of a field goal, prepared for Wichita State by puncking Illinois with a withering press for a 75-51 win in the semifinals. The unsuspecting Shockers, meanwhile, trimmed unbeaten Villanova 86-74. Wichita State never had a chance in the final. With Marty Ford, a 6-foot-6 beanpole, and playmaker Billy Dukes firing in points and 6-foot-4 Cliff Anderson controlling the boards, the aggressive Hawks grabbed an early lead and refused to let go. But Wichita Coach Gary Thompson, upset by the noisy home crowd—and the officiating—was not impressed. "This is the last time I'll come here," he said. "This wasn't basketball, it was a farce. I'd like to meet this team back in Wichita."

St. Joseph's was not nearly so domineering when it left friendly Philadelphia to play unbeaten Princeton. Coach Joe Mullaney's combination defense swallowed up the Hawks, and when St. Joe's went to its zone press Mullaney was ready for that, too. He put in Pete McLaughlin, a little-used sophomore with a flair for moving the ball, and St. Joseph's began to foul. The Friars' last 11 points came on free throws, and St. Joe's lost its first game, 65-61.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. DUKE (7-0)
2. DAVIDSON (6-0) 3. VANDERBILT (5-2)

It was holiday tournament time in the Southland, too, and some of the nation's top teams made the most of it. Davidson trounced Alabama 79-62 and Ohio U. 81-63 in the Charlotte Invitational. Indiana, hating hard with its new and tough zone press, battered St. Louis 98-68 and Memphis State 91-68 in the Memphis State Classic. Vanderbilt beat Texas Tech 83-73 and Louisville 80-47 in the Sugar Bowl.

Vandy, however, found the going stickier in its SEC opener against Tennessee. The Vols' strategy called for encirclement of pa-

tient, 6-foot-9 Clyde Lee while they fed their own ace, A. W. Davis. It almost worked. Lee watched most of the game from behind a thicket of hands while fast-firing Davis seemed almost undefensible. With eight minutes to go, Tennessee had a nine-point lead. Then Lee lost his patience. He broke away from his tormentors for six quick baskets and Vanderbilt went on to win, 77-72.

Duke had a frightening bust, in the end, satisfying week. After squeezing past Ohio State 94-89 in double overtime at Columbus, the Blue Devils had to hustle to hold off Wake Forest 91-86. But Kentucky's Adolph Rupp was mad enough to spit when Notre Dame humiliated his Wildcats 111-97, and before the home folks at Louisville, too. There was some solace for The Baron, though. Kentucky took out its frustrations on fuzzy-checked Dartmouth 107-67.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. INDIANA (8-0)
2. MICHIGAN (8-0) 3. WICHITA STATE (6-2)

While almost everyone else was swiveling madly in and out of trick defenses, Kansas beat Kansas State 54-52 with an old-fashioned, hugging man-to-man in the semifinals of the Big Eight tournament at Kansas City, Kans. Then, curiously, the Jayhawkers shifted to a zone for Colorado. The Bulls rattled it so thoroughly that Kansas went back to man-to-man for the second half. Even then, it took a last-second tip-in by Roney Lochmurn to win for the Jayhawkers, 53-51.

Two disillusioned Missouri Valley teams, Bradley and St. Louis, finally got going again in a doubleheader in Chicago. But Bradley had its problems with Notre Dame. The Braves blew a 14-point lead and just beat the Irish, 74-72, on Eddie Jackson's two foul shots at the end. St. Louis had an easier time with Loyola. The Bills reached over the smaller Ramblers to dip in layups and slip tip-ins, 6-foot-10 Gil Beckenmeier scored 20 points and St. Louis won 90-57. Two nights later, the Bills used a zone press to whip Drake 62-55.

Penn State, an interloper from the East, took the honors in Detroit's Motor City Classic. The Nittany Lions edged Houston 59-57 on four foul shots by Ray Sanders and Bob Weiss and then held off rallying Detroit 75-73.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OKLAHOMA CITY (6-2)
2. BAYLOR (7-2) 3. TEXAS A&M (7-2)

Oklahoma City's Abe Lemons, watching De Paul's tough, swarming defense throttle

Brigham Young's celebrated fast break during an 84-75 victory over the Cougars in the semifinals of the All-College tournament, was extravagant in praise of the clever Blue Demons. "That's the smartest club I've seen," he said. "I just hope we can play 'em well." Lemons' towering Chiefs had certainly looked capable enough while routing Rice 93-83 and Xavier of Cincinnati 90-75. But De Paul, surprisingly, beat bigger Oklahoma City off the boards, broke loose Jesse Nash (the scored 20 points) and Jim Murphy for baskets with a weaving pattern offense, and the Blue Demons whipped the Chiefs 67-60 for the title.

The Sun Carnival at El Paso turned out to be a showcase for New Mexico's Mel Daniels, a talented 6-foot-9 sophomore. He scored 21 points and picked off 19 rebounds to lead the Lobos past TCU 76-58 and then discouraged Texas Western with 20 points and 20 rebounds. Daniels' heroics gave cautious New Mexico a 55-47 win, its first over the Miners in nine years.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (8-0) 2. SAN FRANCISCO (8-1) 3. BRIGHAM YOUNG (7-3)

The West had a familiar look. UCLA, with its devastating zone press and quick-assault shooters intimidating almost everyone in sight, had nine straight victories after sweeping through a strong field in the Los Angeles Classic (page 20).

Going into the West Coast AC tournament at San Jose, SANTA CLARA had to be the team most unlikely to succeed. The young Broncos had lost six in a row but, somehow, they worked their way past Santa Barbara 91-69 and Pacific 75 71 while unbeaten SAN FRANCISCO, the favorite, pushed over Pepperdine 103-84 and San Jose State 60-57. But it looked like the end for Santa Clara when the Dons took a 49-33 lead at half time. Then the Broncos' Eric Paulson, a long-shooting playmaker, began bombing away, and junior Rich Levitt found he could float his gentle hook shots over San Francisco's Dille Johnson. With 55 seconds to go, Levitt flipped in an over-the-shoulder layup and Santa Clara won 73 76. Master Coach Dick Garibaldi, "Talent is both physical and mental." And, he might have added, unpredictable.

For a while it appeared that OREGON STATE, which had won all eight previous For West Classics at Portland, Ore., would not even make the final of the ninth one. But the Beavers managed to outlast Army 65-64 in overtime and then edged Northwestern 67-65 on Jim Jarvis' jumper. Undaunted Tennessee tried to heap in State with its zone defense and a nagging slowdown, but the patient Beavers decided to grind it out with the Vols. The strategy worked. State led 22-8 at the half, made five out of 10 shots in the second half while Tennessee, thoroughly frustrated by then, got only three baskets. The Beavers won 48 27. **END**

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BROWN TASTE

Sirs:

Here's a great big thank-you from all loyal Cleveland fans to that great prognosticator, Tex Maule. The Browns' glorious victory over the "Invincible" Colts was undoubtedly assisted by Tex's brave prediction of an overwhelming Colt victory. Tex's record over the past few years has been perfect (always wrong), and I hope he keeps it going with future predictions of Cleveland losses.

Keep up the good work, Tex, old buddy, and please don't pick the Browns to win next year—Cleveland couldn't take another second-division team like the Indians.

EUGENE SCHMIDT

Parma, Ohio

Sirs:

Having read Tex Maule's scholarly article, in which he says (among other remarkable things) that "the game will not be, as some seem to think, a rout but . . . it should result in a decisive victory for Baltimore," and having viewed the complete offensive and defensive humiliation of the Baltimore Colts, I should like to suggest some sort of award for Tex. Perhaps an Oscar for "dead-wrongmanship."

WILLIAM E. DEWITT

Rushville, Ill.

Sirs:

Your two men, Tex Maule and "Tex" Shlake, have proved that once again the way to predict a championship game is to use the opposite of what you say.

FRANK O'DONNELL

Baltimore

Sirs:

I think it is time SI gave an award to the most consistent performer in sport. The winner by a large margin would be Tex Maule.

NED C. HOELZER

Cleveland

Sirs:

Just how wrong can a sports predictor be?

PHIL JACKSON

New York City

● In six years of predicting the outcome of the NFL championship game, Tex Maule has picked the winner four times, missed twice.—ED.

Sirs:

The myth of the fabulous Western Conference of the NFL (*How the West Was Won*, Nov. 23) was brought to a close for-

ever by the Cleveland Browns, despite anything your writers (Maule and Shlake) continue to say.

The Western defenses have been over-rated for years: Green Bay, Detroit, Chicago and, now, Baltimore. If a team that could not score in the championship game could score 30 points a game against Western opponents during the season, then there is no difference between the two conferences, or at least there is no such thing as Western superiority. Perhaps the reason that the East has won but two of the last eight championship games has been that the New York Giants played in five, losing all of them.

I sincerely suggest that you find some writers who realize that Cleveland is and will be for some time the best team in the National Football League—which, despite the absurd words of any AFL fan, is the same thing as being the best team in professional football.

BOB LAMM

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sirs:

The Cleveland Browns-Baltimore Colt championship game proved only one thing: the St. Louis Cardinals are the best team in the NFL.

ROY POOLE

New York City

MAN-TO-MAN DEFENSE

Sirs:

Peter Straus' letter with its sarcastic remarks about Bill Bradley (19th Hole, Dec. 21) shows an ignorance of the game of basketball and of Bill Bradley. There is no question but that Bradley is the best college basketball player this year or that he is truly one of college basketball's all-time greats.

My own personal experience with Bill came in the NCAA regional triple-header at the University of Pennsylvania's Palestra, March 11, 1963 (Bill's sophomore year). That was the night I "held" him to 40 points (12 of 21 field, 16 of 16 foul line) and 16 rebounds.

That game was only one of many great games I have seen Bill Bradley perform in. So I salute SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Frank Deford on a terrific article on a terrific gentleman and basketball player.

SELVE COURTIN

Woodlyn, Pa.

● Asagaard who ranked among last year's scoring leaders with 579 points (a St. Joseph's record) for a 20.7 average, Steve Courtin speaks with authority.—ED.

DAVIDSON AND GOLIATH

Sirs:

After watching Davidson demolish the Big Ten co-champion, Ohio State University, among others, I want to congratulate you for your choice of the Wildcats for top national ranking. This is the second consecutive year that Davidson has trounced the Buckeyes soundly. (OSU has won or tied for five consecutive Big Ten championships.)

Other victims of the Wildcats, all whipped by substantial margins, include Furman, Jacksonville, VMI, Wake Forest and Virginia—not to mention their latest victims in the Charlotte Invitational.

JAMES T. MCCLUNG JR.

Norton, Va.

DEJA VU?

Sirs:

YOUR LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER labels Theodore Sturgeon's *How to Forget Baseball* (Dec. 21) as an Orwellian view of 1984 and beyond—which it may be—but it seems that many centuries ago the same blood-thirsty spectators cheered enthusiastically as the lions deftly outmaneuvered and defeated the Christians. Are we really progressing as we near the future? While musing Mr. Sturgeon's views, we in our neighborhood have started a sandlot Quon team. But instead of the deadly thin sear-like line, we are using raspberry Jell-O so that severed heads will be kept to a minimum. See you at the stadium in 1986 . . . or in 198.

JAMES ENYART

Mundelein, Ill.

REBOUND

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's readers interested in basketball (like me) have now been told in Robert Boyle's generally optimistic piece on the future of sport (*The New Wave*, Dec. 21) that basketball is slipping in popularity, that it is designed for gluttonous freaks, is dullsville and cannot keep out the gamblers and gangsters.

There are two criteria for measuring the growth and popularity of a sport: attendance and participation. In both, basketball rates high. In 1957 attendance at basketball games in the U.S. was 142,848,698, a remarkable figure in itself. Last year it was up by 10 million. The latest survey on participation (1963) shows that basketball ranks highest in team sports among U.S. schools, a position it has maintained for decades.

Around the world, basketball is fast approaching soccer as a truly international team sport, while the future of such Ameri-

can team sports as baseball and football in this regard is questionable.

The other points Mr. Boyle made are irrelevant, aside or just plain wrong. He quotes Richard Snyder and the National Sporting Goods Association to make one of them, but the NSGA is, quite properly, concerned with sports like billiards and bowling, which require an investment of several hundred dollars before one can participate. Basketball requires only the purchase of a basketball. Hence Mr. Snyder is not interested. What he overlooks, however, is the millions of dollars spent annually to build basketball courts and arenas. The list of non college facilities alone would fill a page.

As for the statement about "glutted markets," it is an insult to the players and demeaning to all fans. Size is an asset in basketball as it is in boxing, football and other sports. But the seven-foot nonathlete is no more able to play basketball than the 400-pound nonathlete is able to play the line in football. If you don't think so, try foot racing, high jumping, weight lifting or playing golf against Bill Russell, Tom Eickens, Walt Chamberlain or Egan Baylor.

Sure, basketball is vulnerable to the IRS and has been taxed. But so has horse racing.

The one correct statement Boyle made is that pro basketball has been a comparative failure on network television. But it seems to me even more refreshing that a major sport can survive and grow in popularity without the degrading and corrupting aid of the boob box.

HARVEY NATHAN

Brooklyn

ISOLATION BOOTH

Sirs,

Along with millions of other football fans, I have been greatly intrigued by that recently introduced electronic marvel dubbed the "isolated camera." Its ability to recut a play—with utmost clarity and within seconds after it has been completed—certainly suggests a further assignment for it.

Because of the substantial stakes involved in the outcome of football games, both college and professional, I believe that the camera should be used for review of plays which could have a bearing on the final result of the game, and particularly where there is some question as to the correctness of an official ruling. Since it is now possible to do this within the span of an official's timeout, claims of an unjustly assessed penalty could be settled immediately and wrong decisions reversed.

No reflection is intended on the quality of the officiating we are now getting. However, the human eye has definite limitations and, with "10-second" men winking all over the premises, it is not only possible but very probable that faulty decisions are occasionally made.

This is not to say that the use of the isolated camera for this purpose be made a

(continued)

5 MINUTES TO 18 HOLE LONGBOAT KEY GOLF COURSE

Club-like setting. Bathing. Safe private beach. Tennis. Superb food.

FLORIDA A TOURIST AREA, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 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commonsense thing. Most likely, it would be called upon only two or three times during a game and then only upon a signal from a member of the officiating team sitting in the stands. But I do not go along with those who believe that the only position from which a game can be impartially viewed with regard to conformity to all regulations is at eye level with the players.

WILLARD C. STEINER

Buffalo

EMPTY BOWLS

Sirs,

The present ad hoc postseason bowl system should be replaced by a series of games to determine the national college football champion. Virtually every sport played on the college campus has its national championship competitions, in which teams or individuals go to the regional and the national championships, yet football, which has long been the king of campus sports, is the only one which does not conform to this exciting and sensible system.

Suppose that instead of the World Series of professional baseball we had a number of meaningless postseason exhibition games featuring contests between, for example, Detroit and Cleveland, the Yankees and Boston, and Kansas City and Houston? The idiosyncy of such a situation is obvious, but it is the same situation which has existed since the football bowl system has been in operation.

The five major bowls are the Rose, Orange, Sugar, Cotton and Gator. Of these, the Rose Bowl is obligated to pair a West Coast team with the Big Ten representative, while the other four are under no similar obligation. Despite the latter fact, during the last three years these four bowls have featured no less than 11 Southeastern Conference teams. During the same period the Big Ten of the Midwest and the "Big Five" of the East, both of whom are at least as powerful as the SEC, have together had a meager total of six teams in the five big bowls.

During the past five to 10 years the teams from the Big Ten and the SEC have dominated the wire services' ratings and, as a result, one of the hottest debates in the world of football has been over which of these conferences is superior. Amazingly enough, however, the last time representatives of the two conferences met in a postseason game was in the 1938 Orange Bowl.

The obvious remedy for these evils is to establish a national championship series patterned after the basketball and baseball championships or based on a seeding system—with more emphasis on the caliber of a team's opposition than on its record. If all teams ended their seasons in mid-November the series could conclude in early January.

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